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APRIL

THE FLINTSTONES

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HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

meet FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA



Hanna-
Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

OHhh! OW! Ouu!

THAT
DOES
IT...



I'M GOING TO MAKE A DENTAL
APPOINTMENT FOR YOU SO YOU
CAN HAVE THAT TOOTH PULLED!

NO!
HOLD IT,
WILMA!



I'LL SAVE THE
MONEY AND DO
IT MYSELF!



OKAY, W-WILMA,
S-SLAM THE DOOR!



SLAM

OKAY, YOU
WIN...MAKE THE
APPOINTMENT!

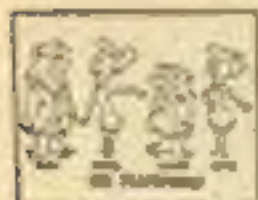


Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES** meet
FRANKENSTEIN and **DRACULA**



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I SAY, COUNT DRACULA... WHO IS
THIS FAINT-HEARTED CHAP, AND
WHERE ARE WE?

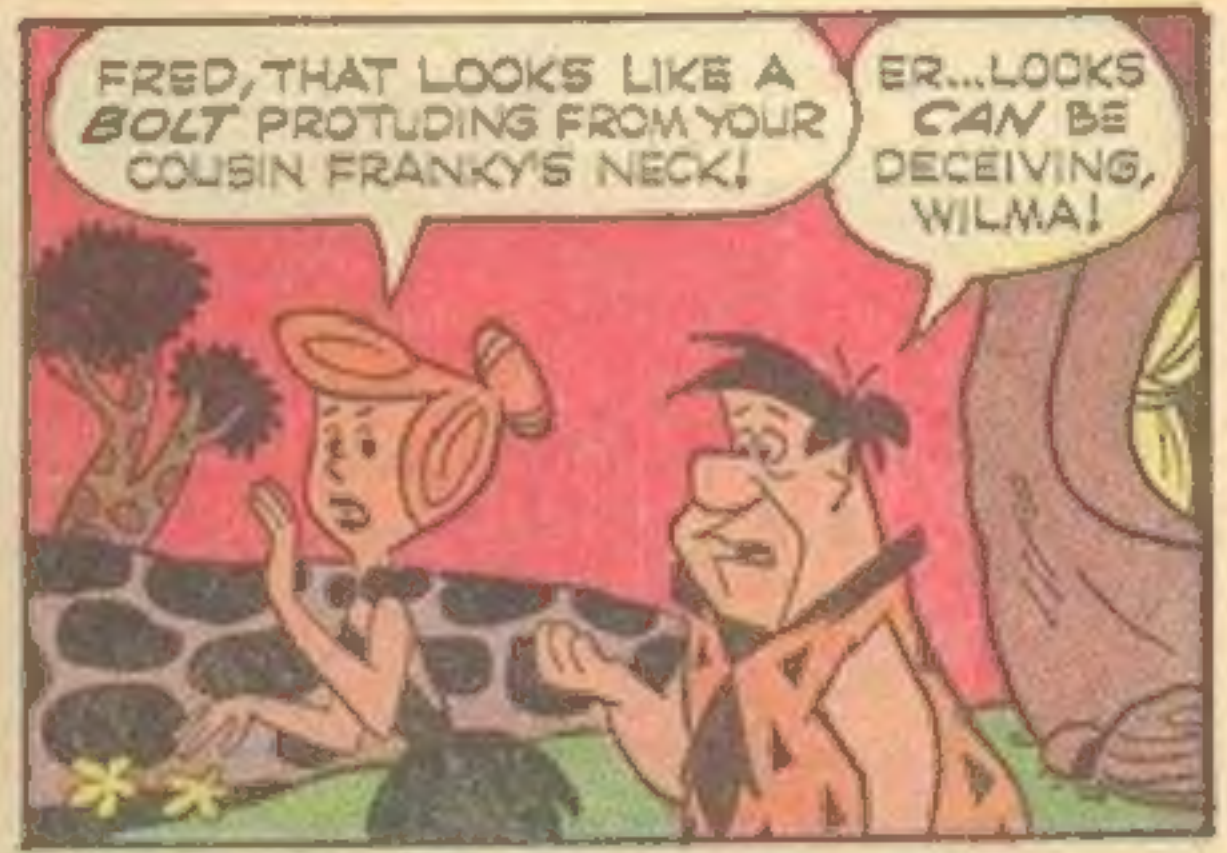
HMM... WE'VE BEEN
MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSPORTED
TO A CRUDE LAND,
FRANKENSTEIN!



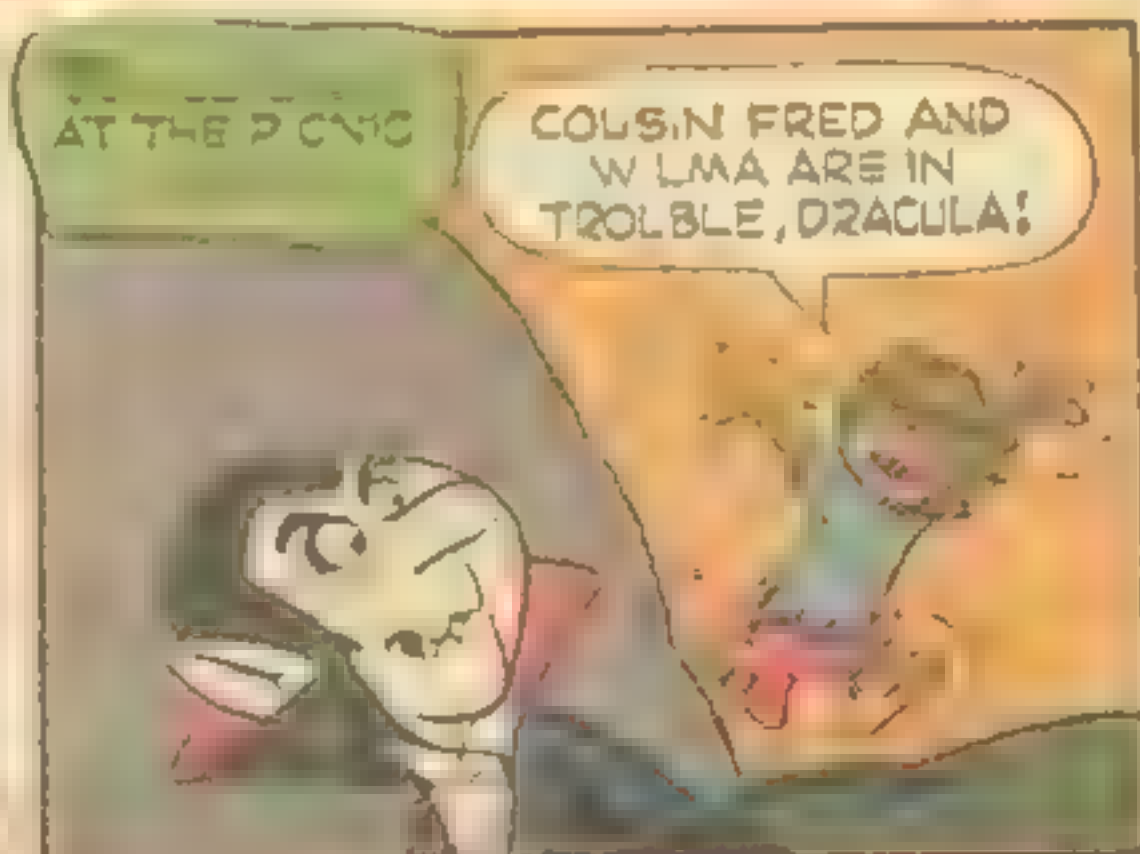
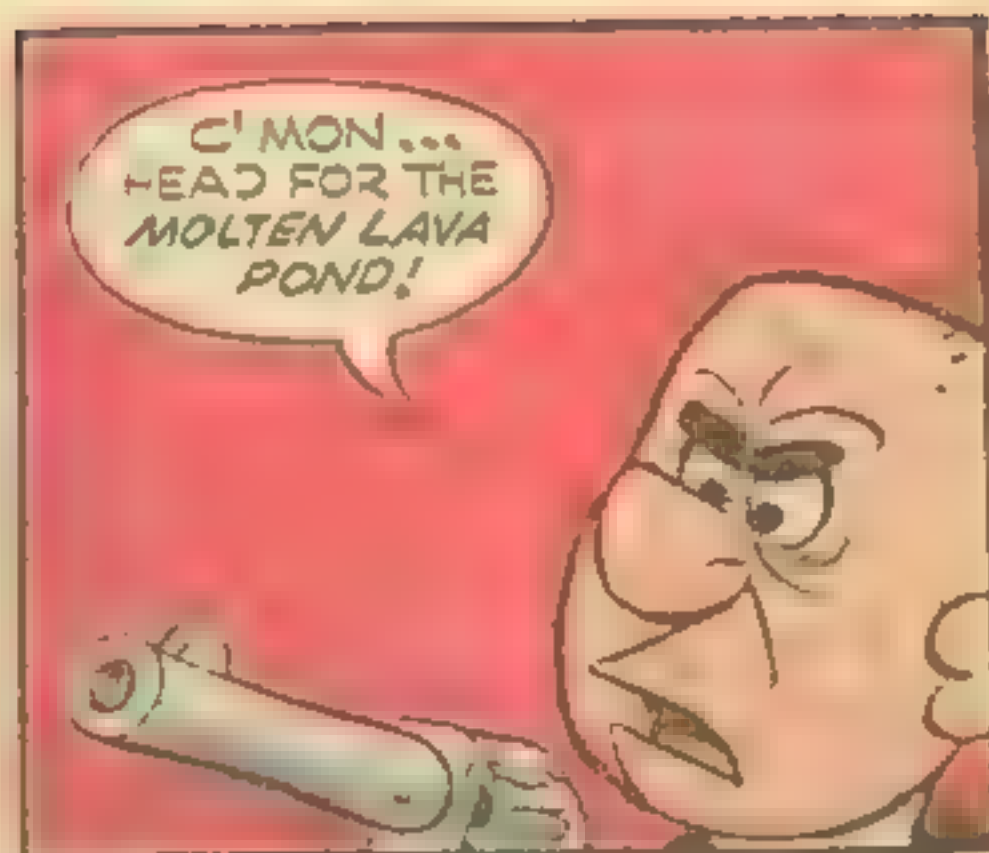
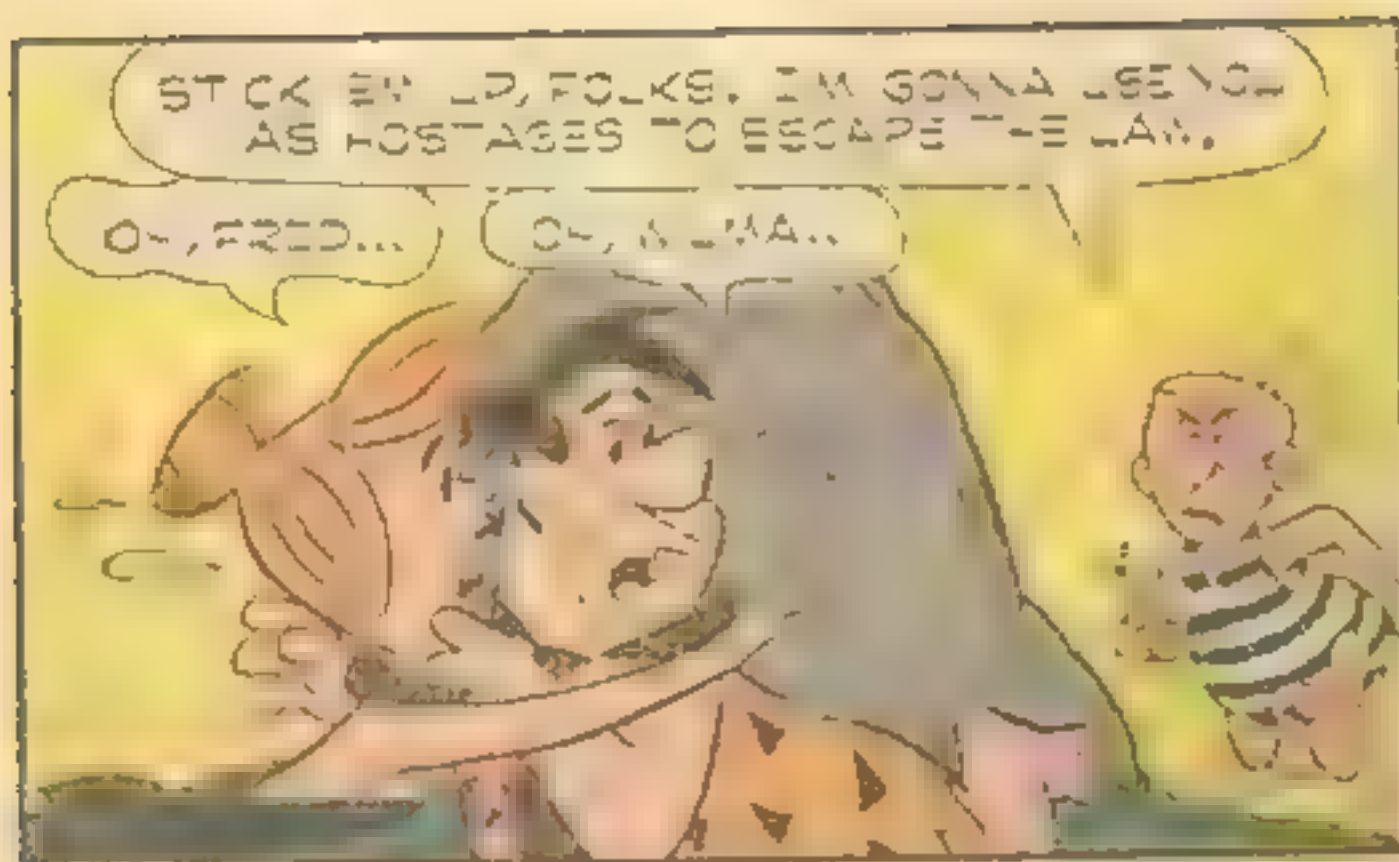


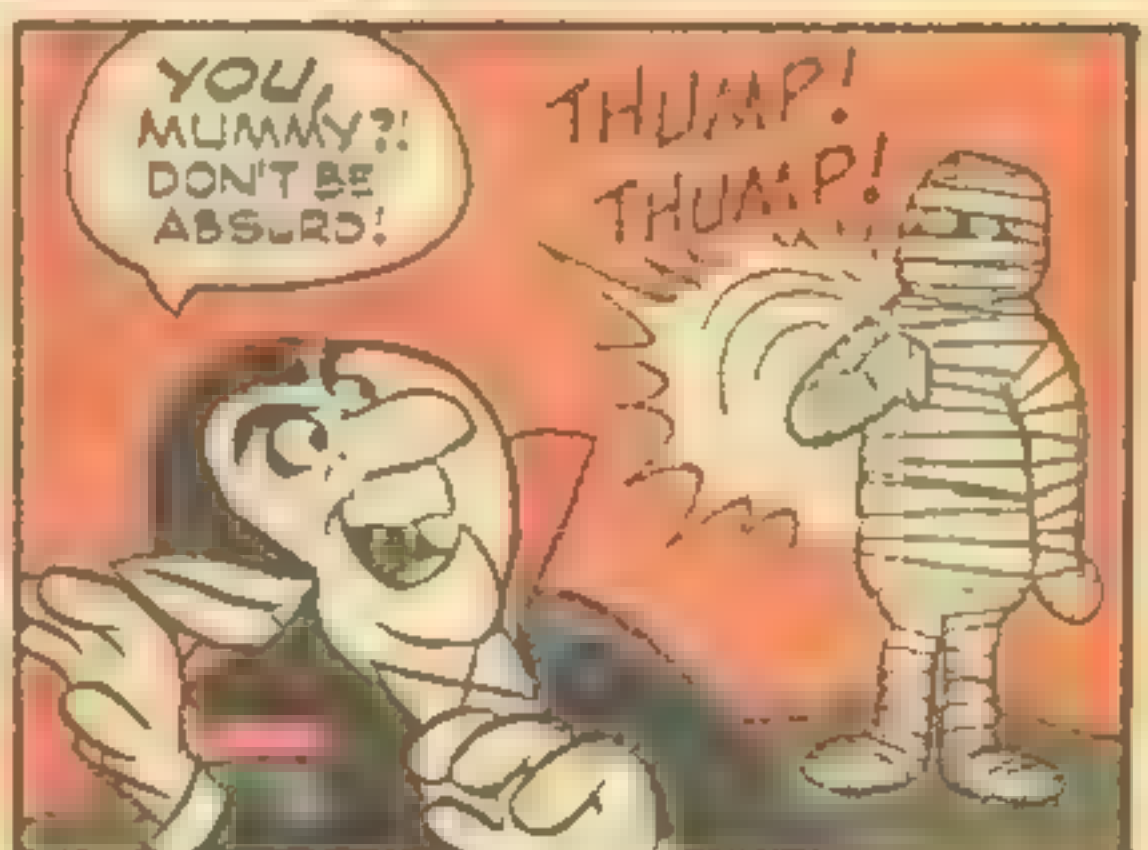
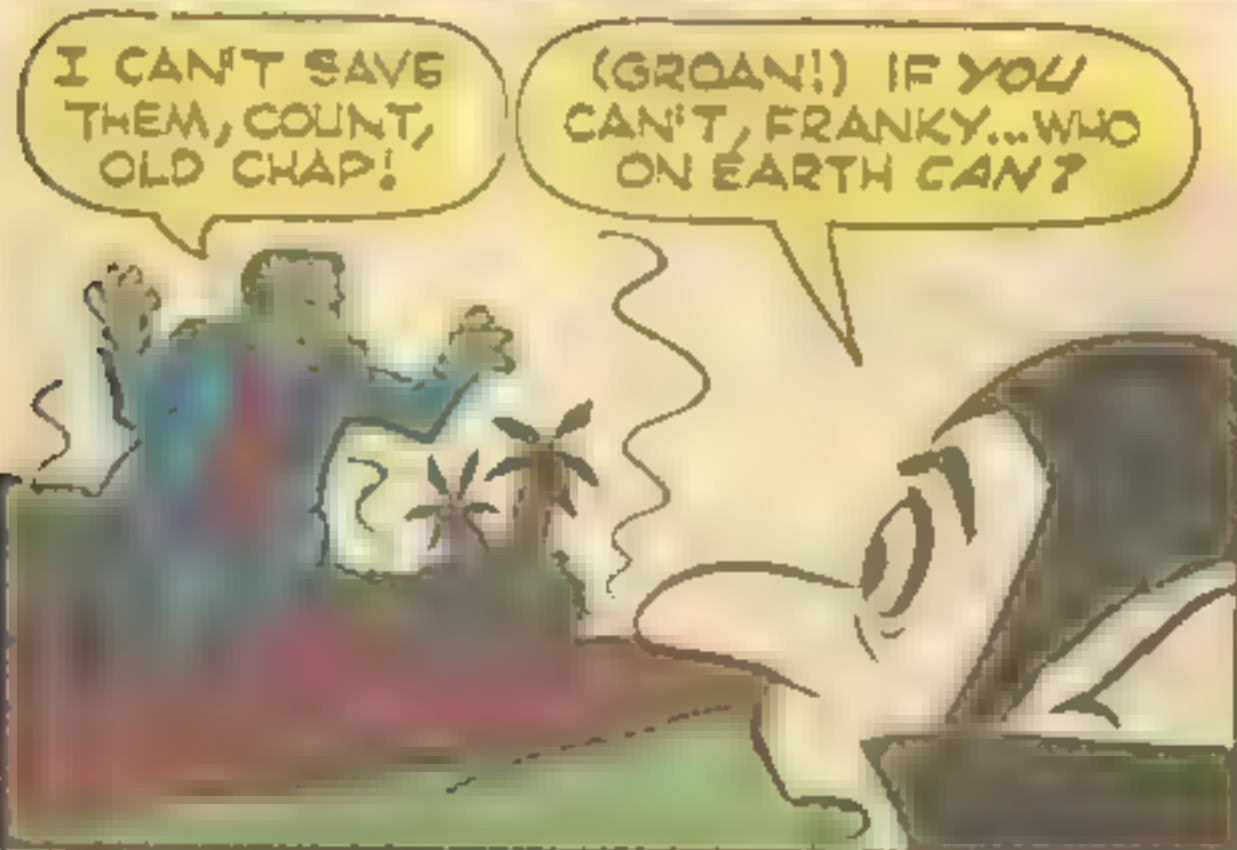


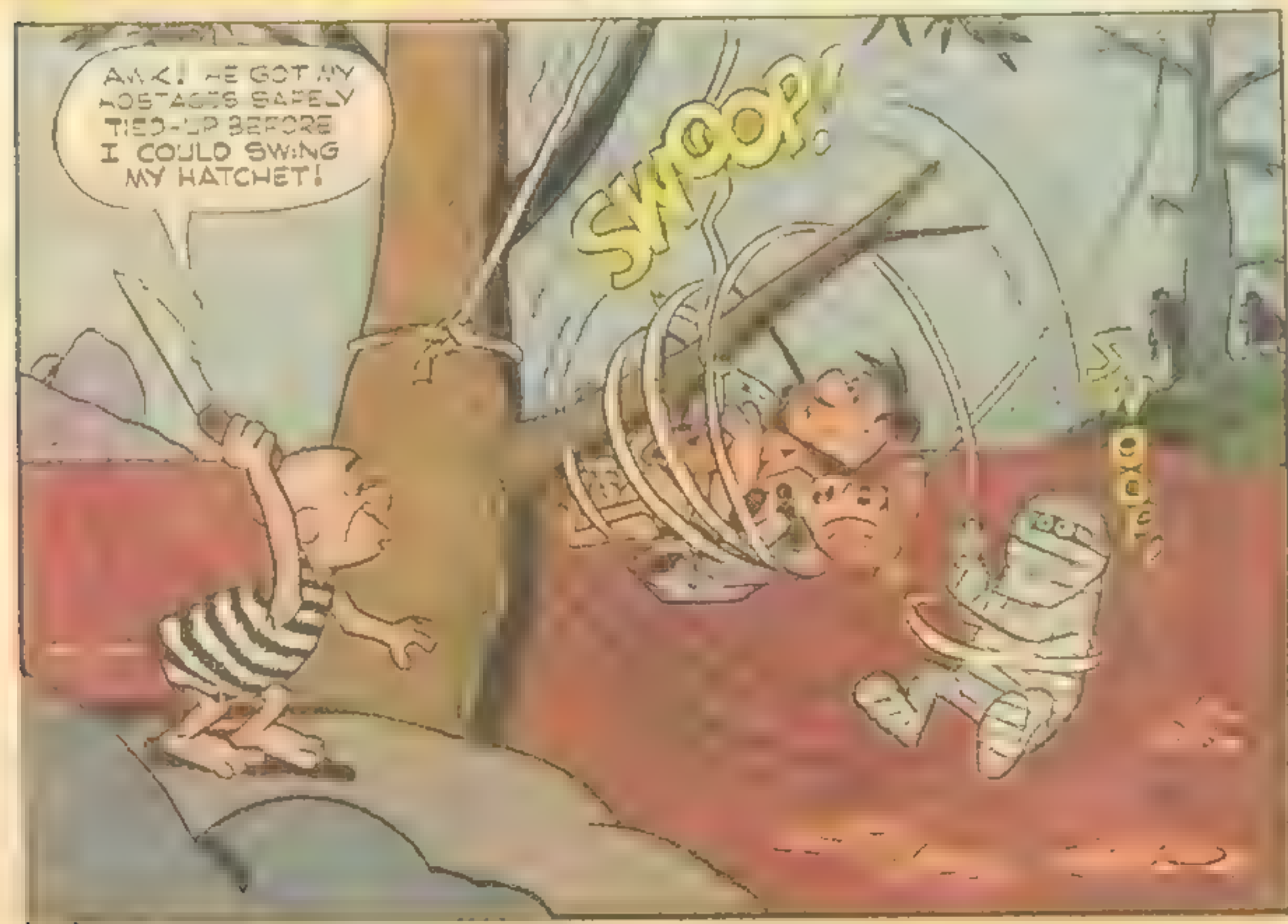
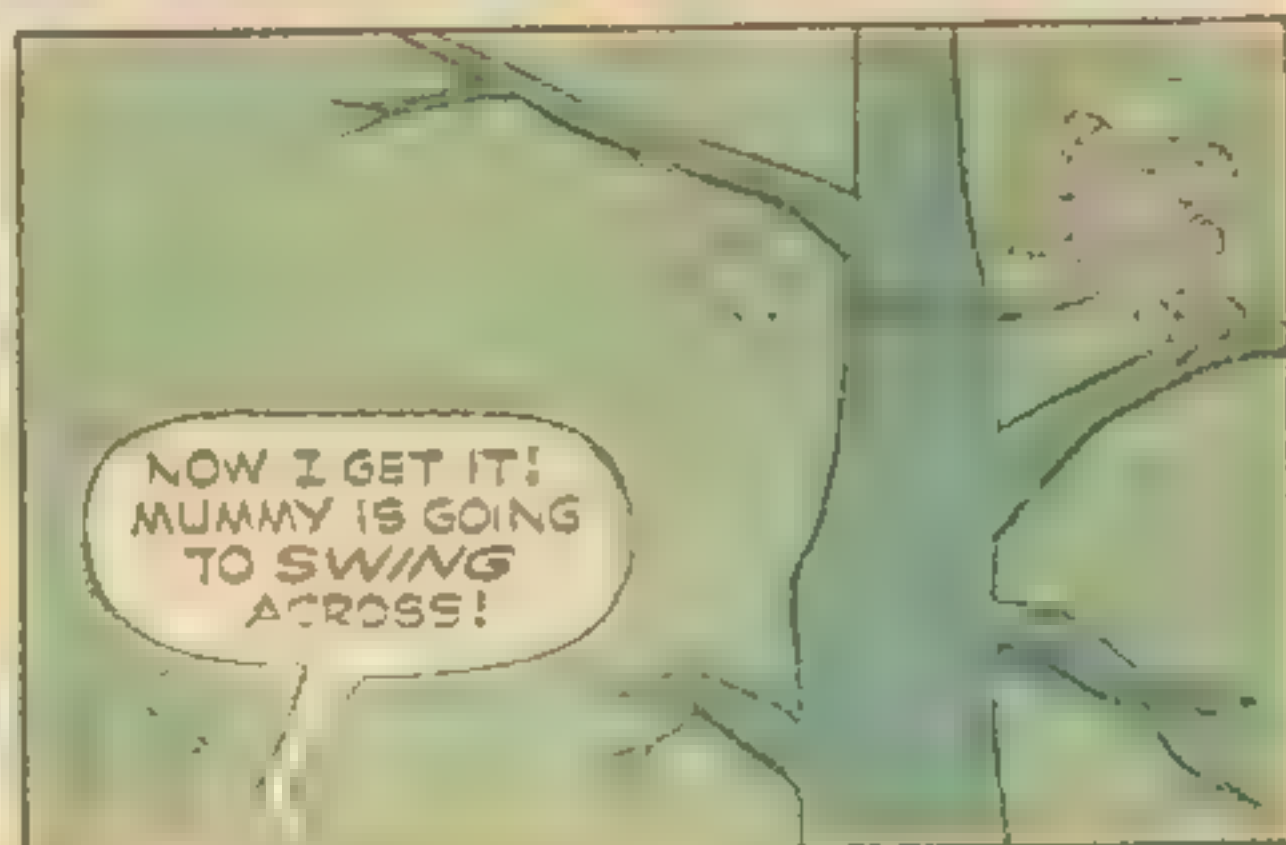
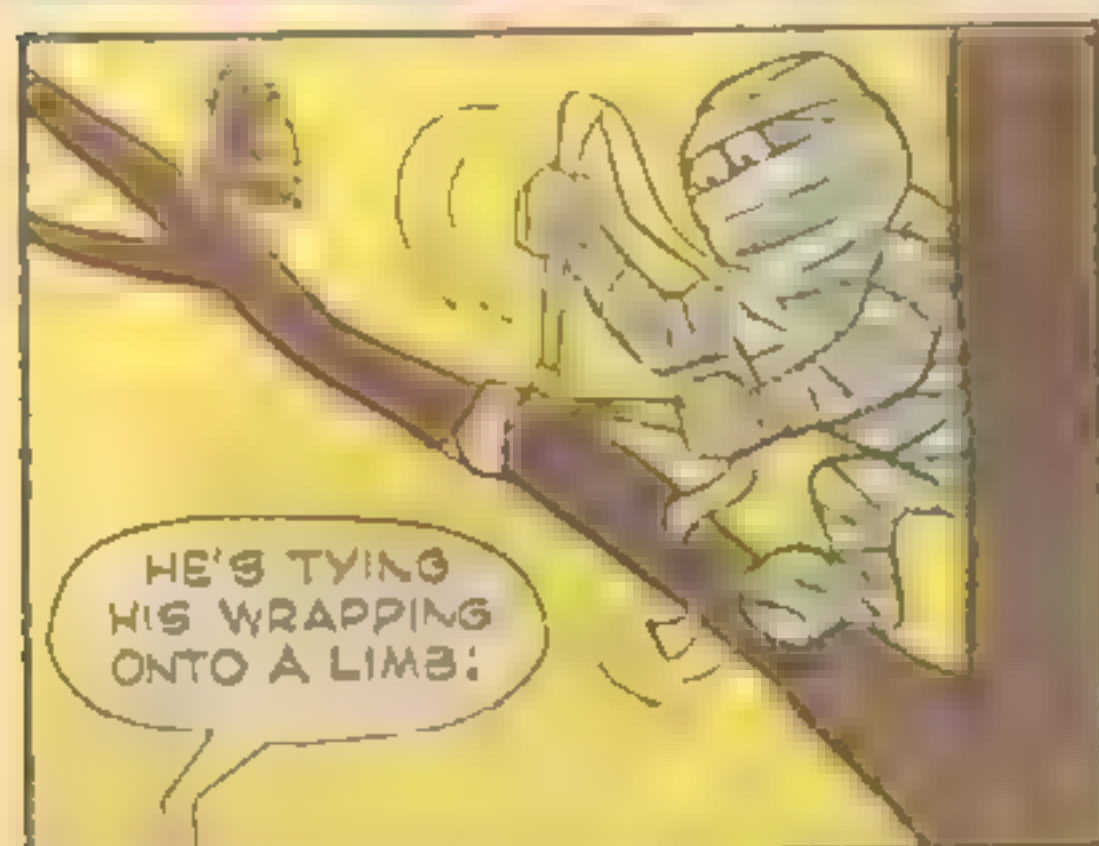


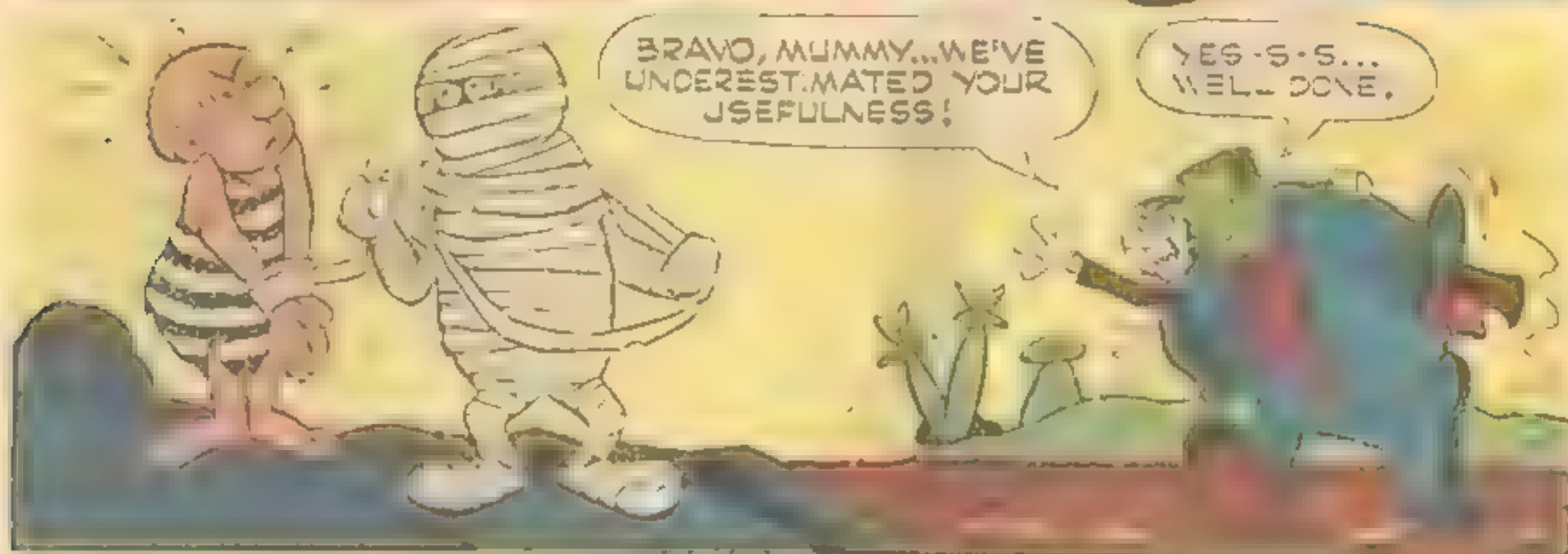
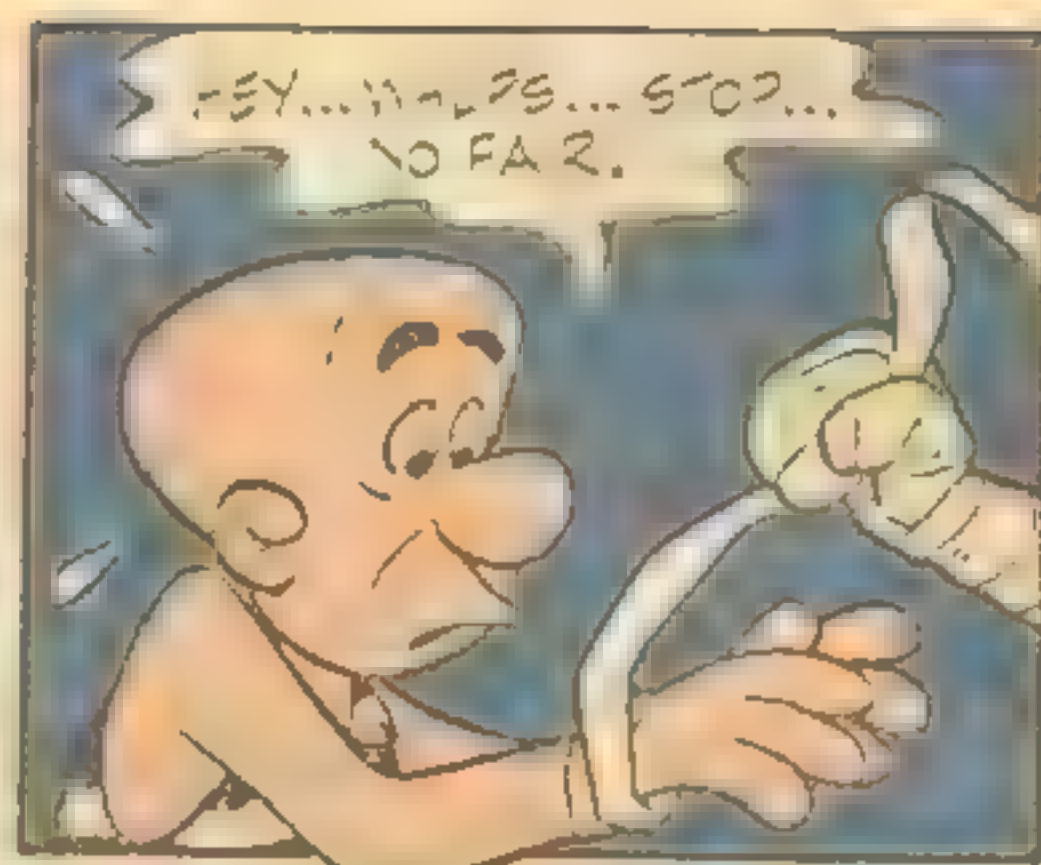




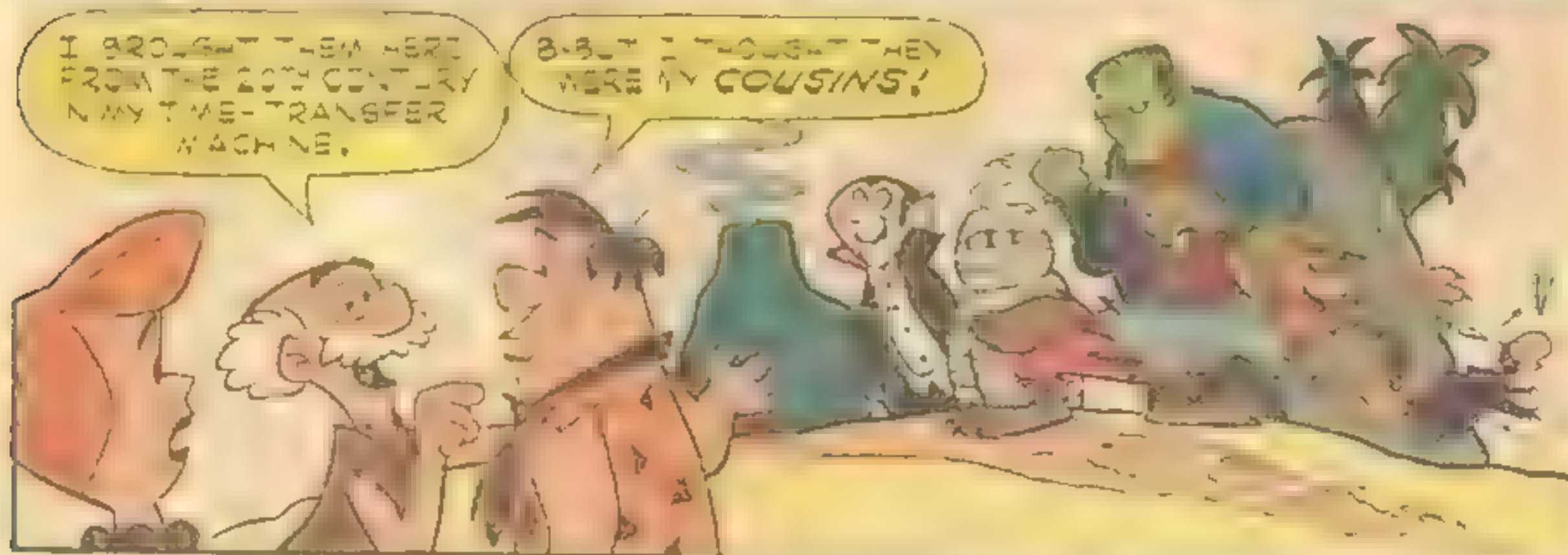
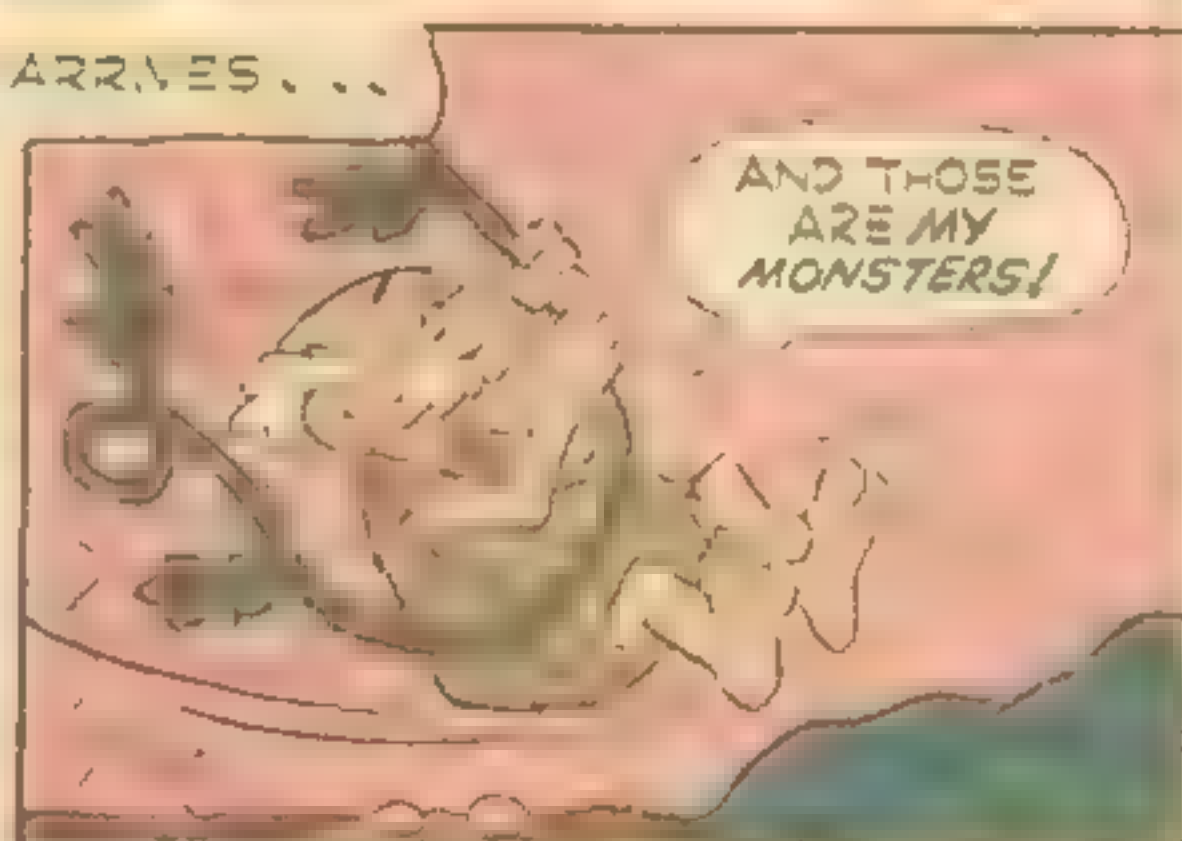


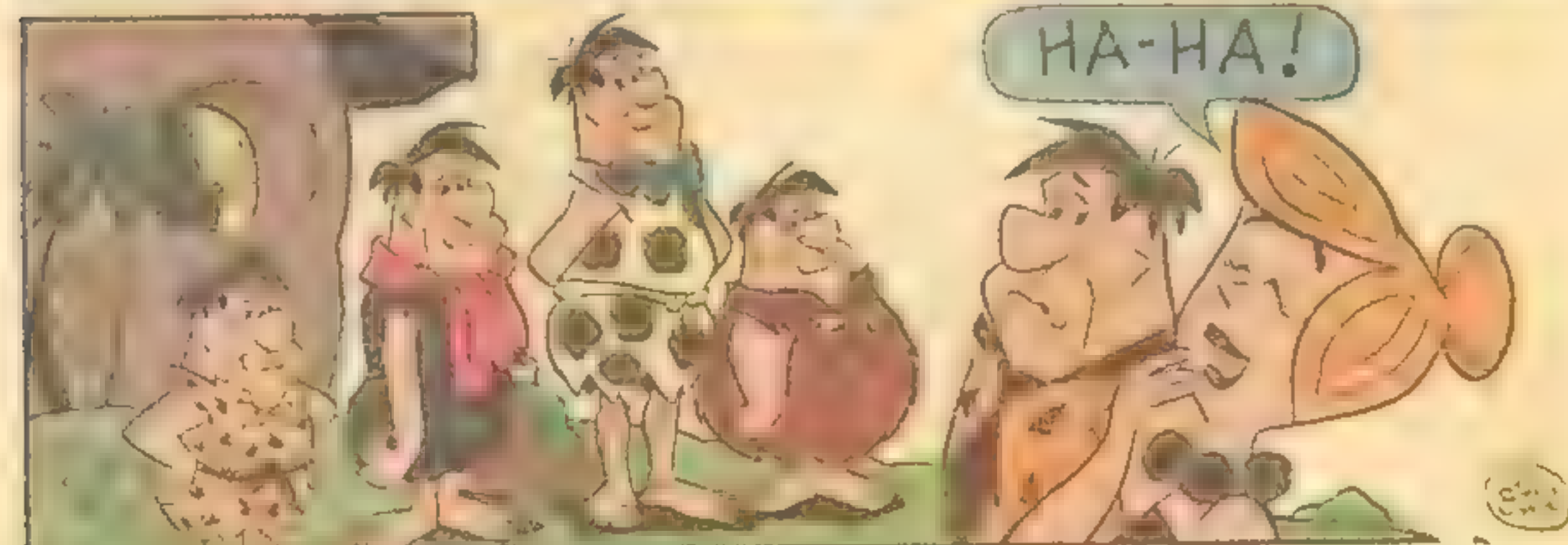
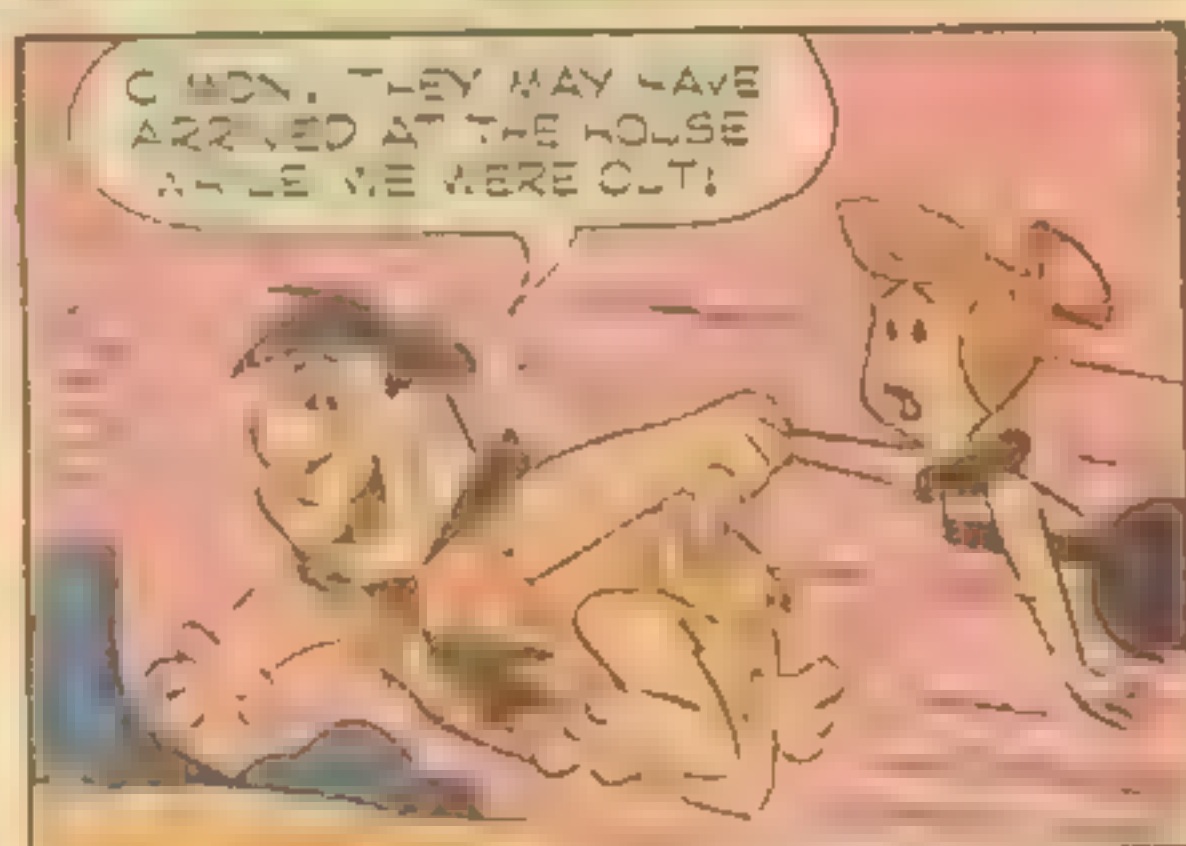
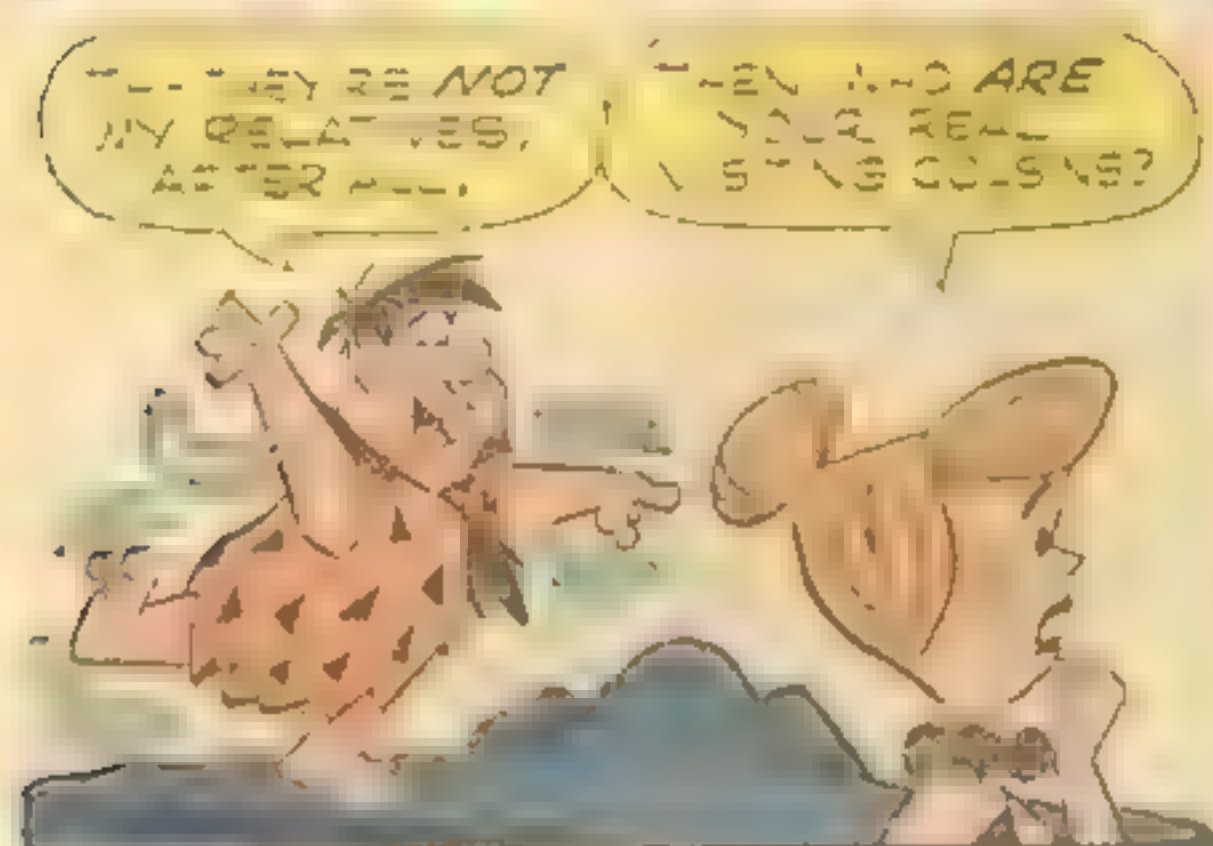
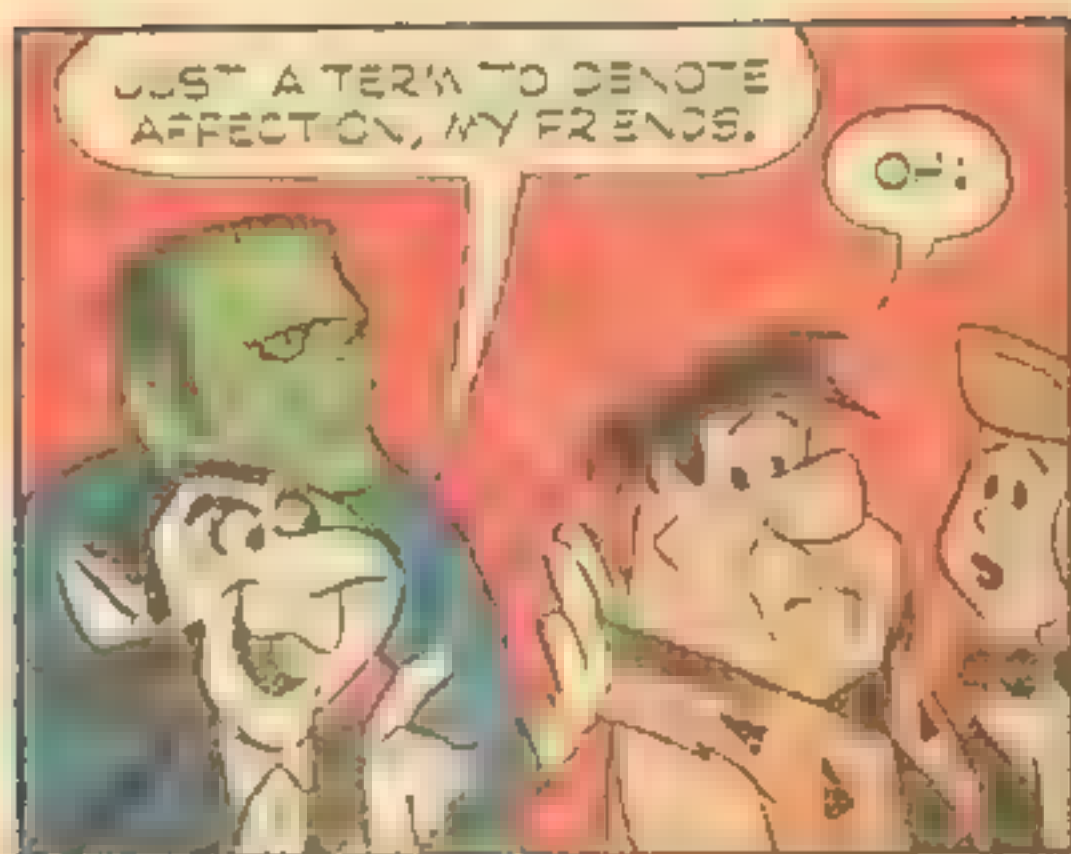






AND ABOUT THE TIME, LOTS OF HELP ARRIVES...





POP ART FLOP



"What was it you wanted to see me about, Sir?" asked Perry Gunnite as he entered the mayor's office.

"Well, I don't know if you'll take this job or not," began the mayor. "It might be beneath your dignity!"

"Beneath my dignity? Are you kidding?" Perry answered. "You just name the job and I'll do it. Sweeping the city hall, baby-sitting, polishing fireplugs! We private eyes have to be versatile, you know!"

"Yes, I know!" said the mayor. "But this particular job involves some stolen trash! Last week, when the trash collectors made their rounds, there was no trash! Someone had stolen it!"

"But who would steal trash?"

"I don't know, but it is all very mysterious, and I expect you to solve this baffling case! Will you try?"

So, the night before the next weekly trash pickup, Perry hid himself in an empty trash can in front of the bank. He fell asleep, and the next thing he knew he was being dumped into a truck.

The truck roared off, and after awhile it stopped. The back tilted up, and Perry was dumped out on the ground along with a huge pile of assorted trash and junk.

"Well, let's see what treasures we have here," said a voice, unfamiliar to Perry.

Perry groped out of the mess of trash to see a young bearded man staring at him.

"Man!" said the young fellow. "That's the craziest piece of trash I've ever seen!"

"Look here! I'm not a piece of trash!" Perry huffed. "I'm a private eye, and I'd like to know why you have been stealing this trash."

The young man's eyes widened. "Cool it, Dad! Did you say stealing? I didn't think I was stealing it. No law against picking up a little trash, is there?" he asked.

"No," Perry admitted, "but why do you do such a thing?"

"Well, I am an artist," said the bearded one. "Ever hear of POP ART, Pop?"

Perry had to admit he had not.

The artist shook his head wonderingly.

"Man, where have you been all your life?" he asked. "Hiding in trash cans? Come over here and I'll fill you in!"

He led the way to a nearby shack. On the wall was a large framed picture. Picture? Well, on some canvas was glued a conglomeration of old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other assorted junk.

"That's Pop Art!" beamed the artist. "I created it all out of trash! And you know what? Somebody's already offered me a cool G for it... a thousand dollars to you, man!"

The next day there appeared in front of Perry's office a large board on which was glued some old tin cans, bottles, torn newspapers and other trash.

"If that clown with the beard can get a thousand dollars for trash like that, so can I," Perry declared, adding a finishing touch with an old horseshoe.

Suddenly a car screeched to a stop. A man got out and walked toward Perry.

"A customer already!" thought Perry.

"Does that belong to you?" asked the man, pointing to Perry's Pop Art.

"Why yes," Perry smiled.

"Then get it off the sidewalk!" the man snapped. "I'm the commissioner of public health, and there's a law against trash on sidewalks. Move it... now!"

"Oh, well," Perry sighed, as he lugged his Pop Art back into his office. "I guess as an artist, I make a good private eye!"

Hanna-
Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

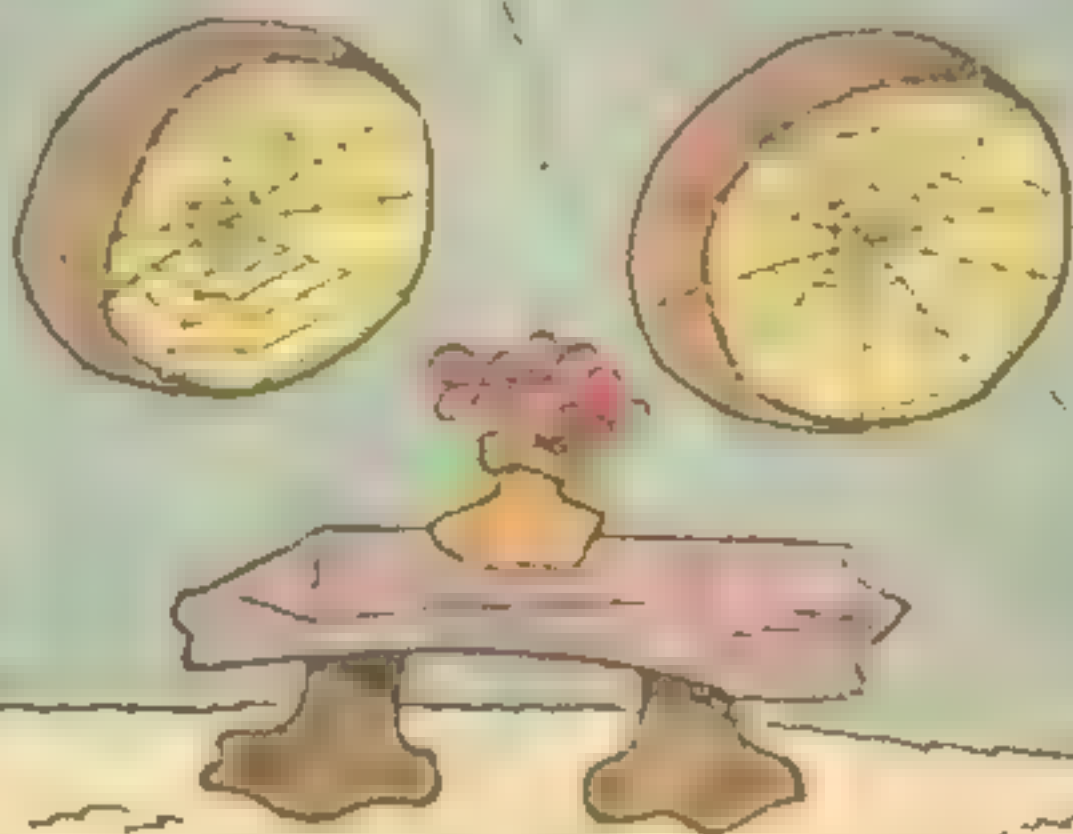
COME ON,
GET BUSY!

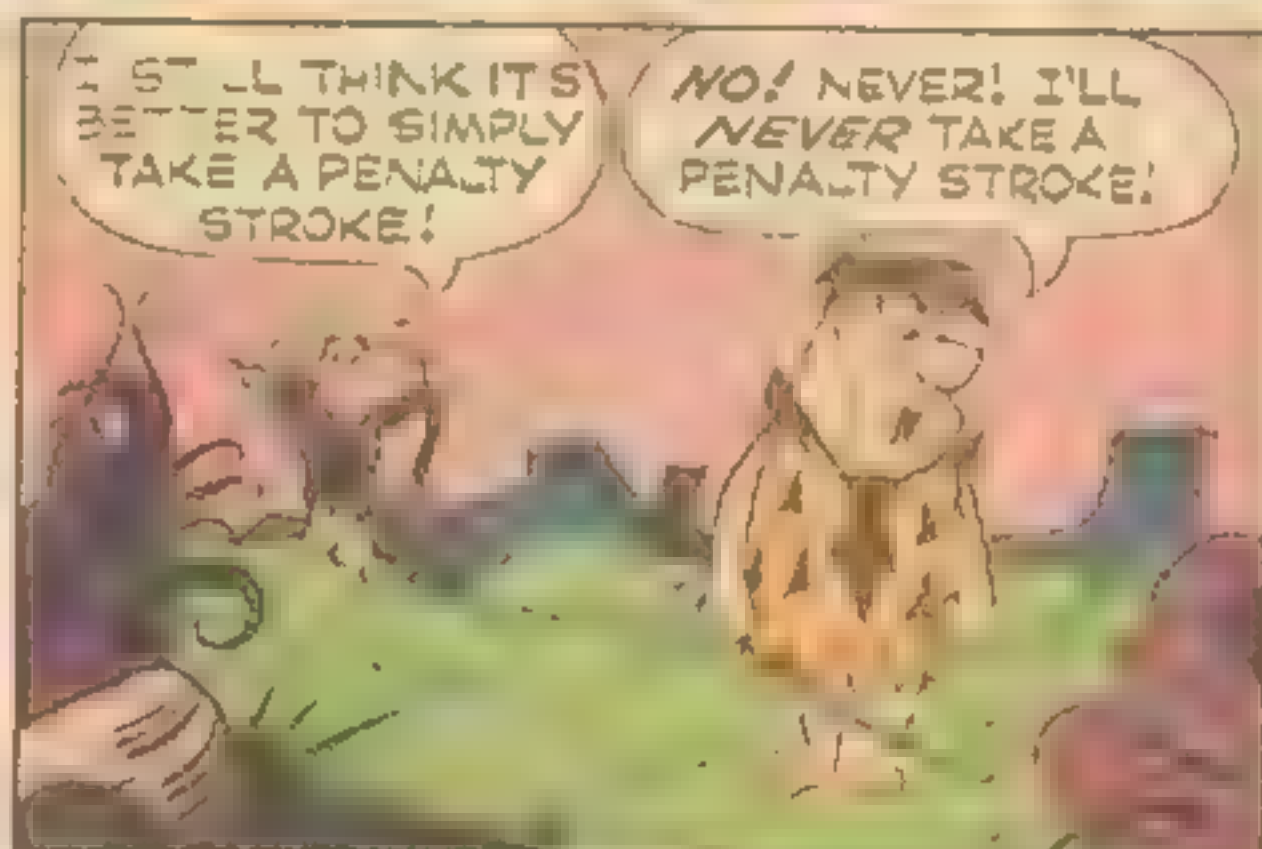
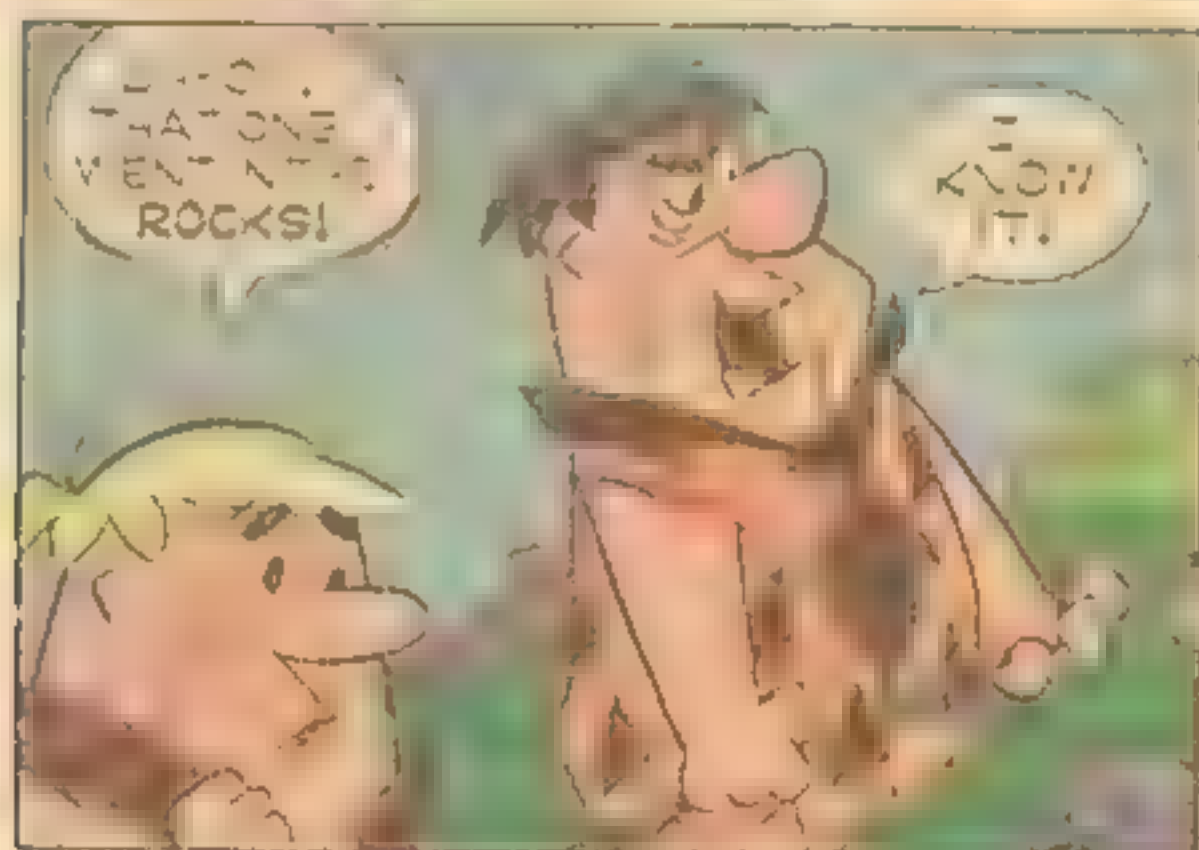
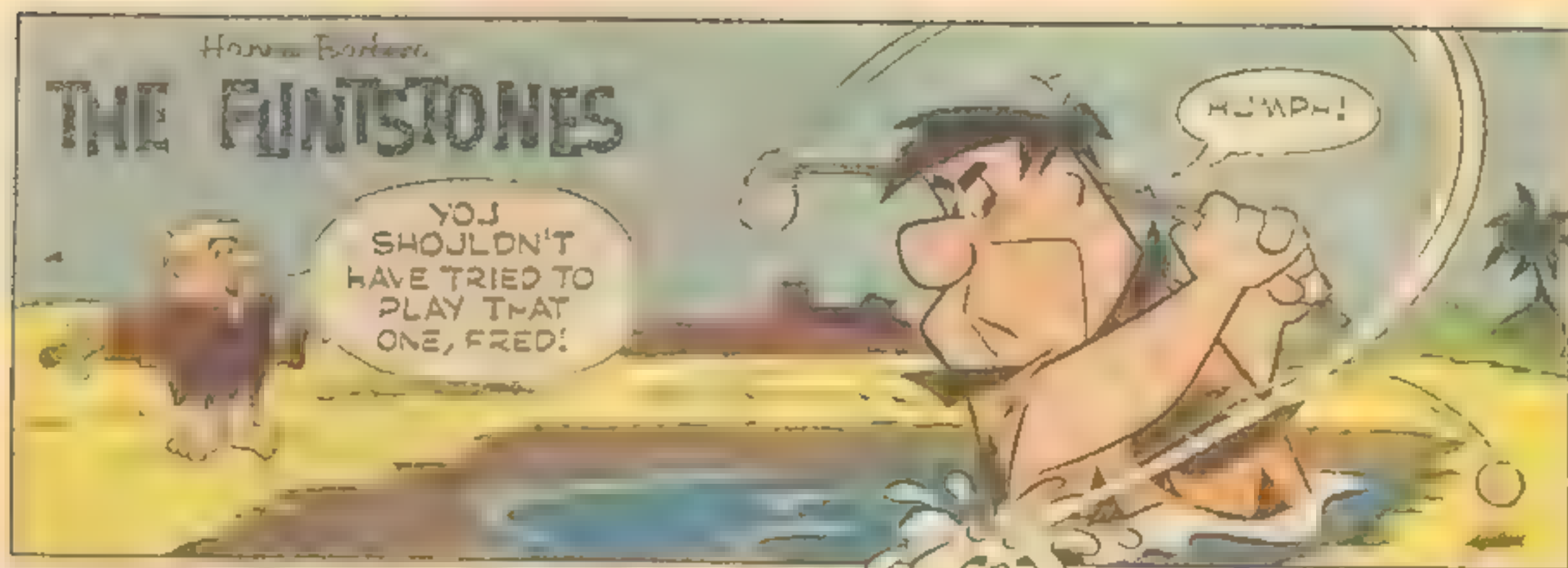
NOW SPIN THOSE
CROSS-THREADS
EVENLY!

THAT'S
THE
STUFF.

WILMA...

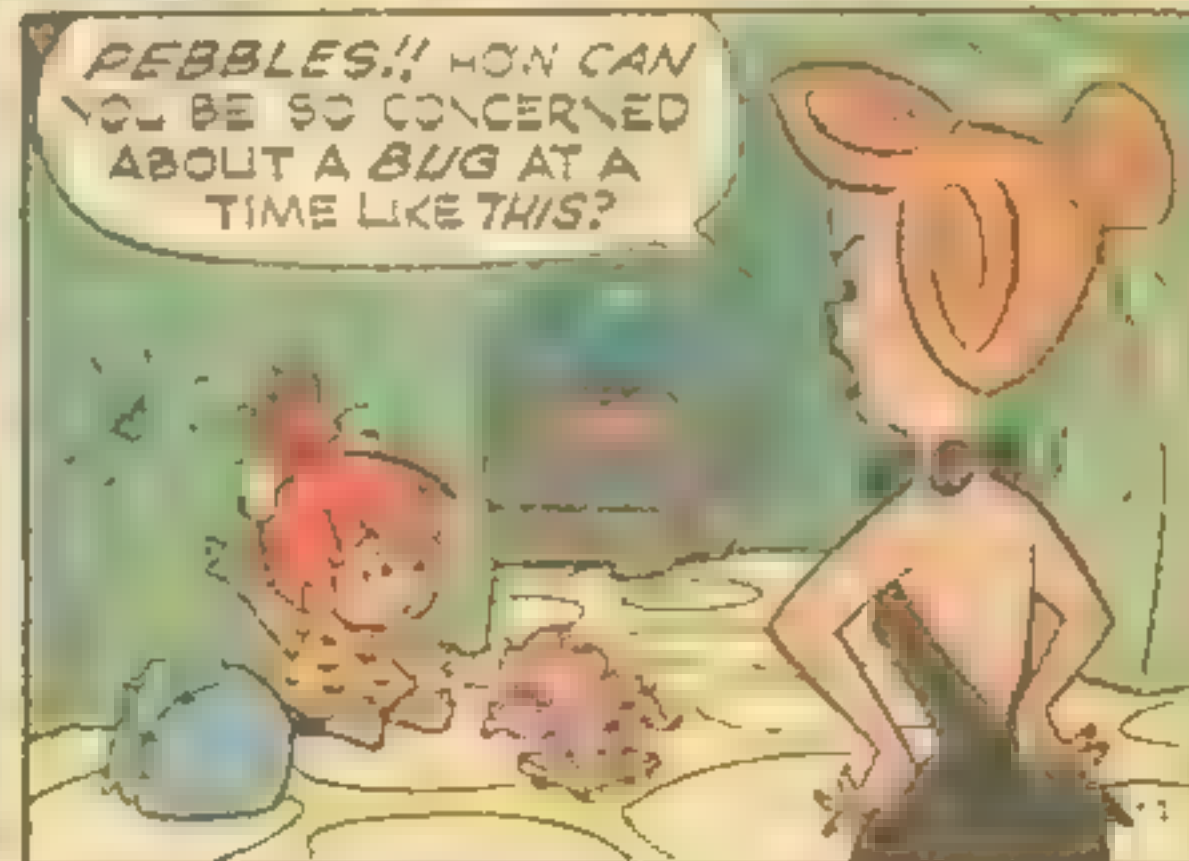
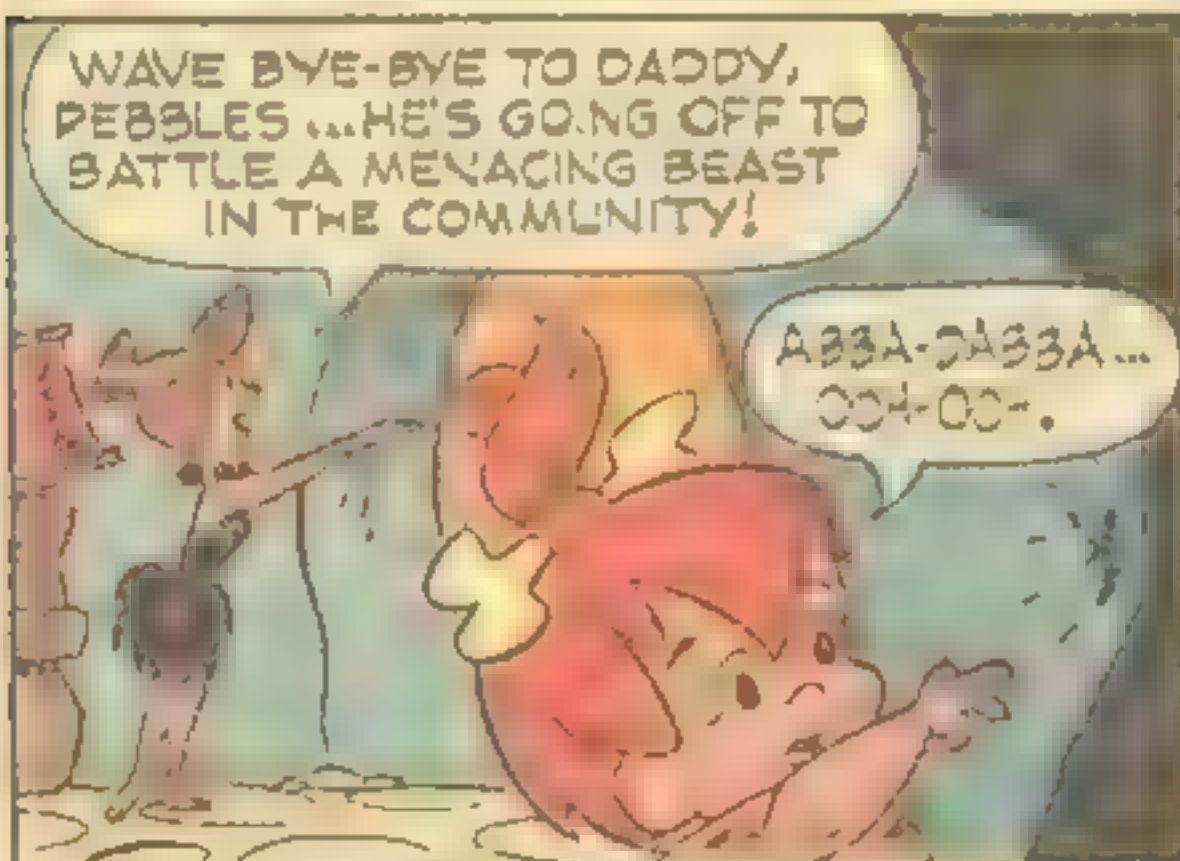
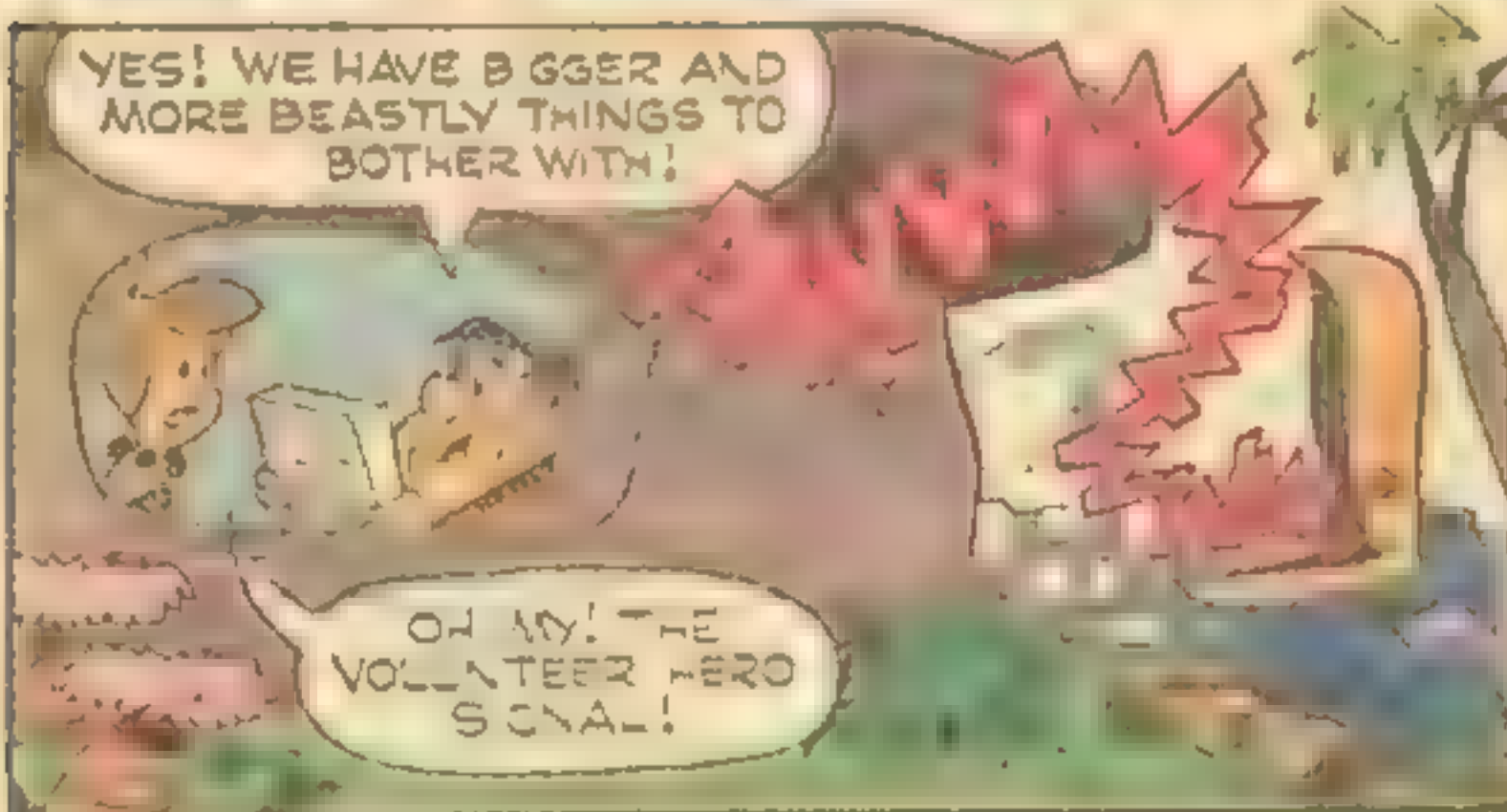
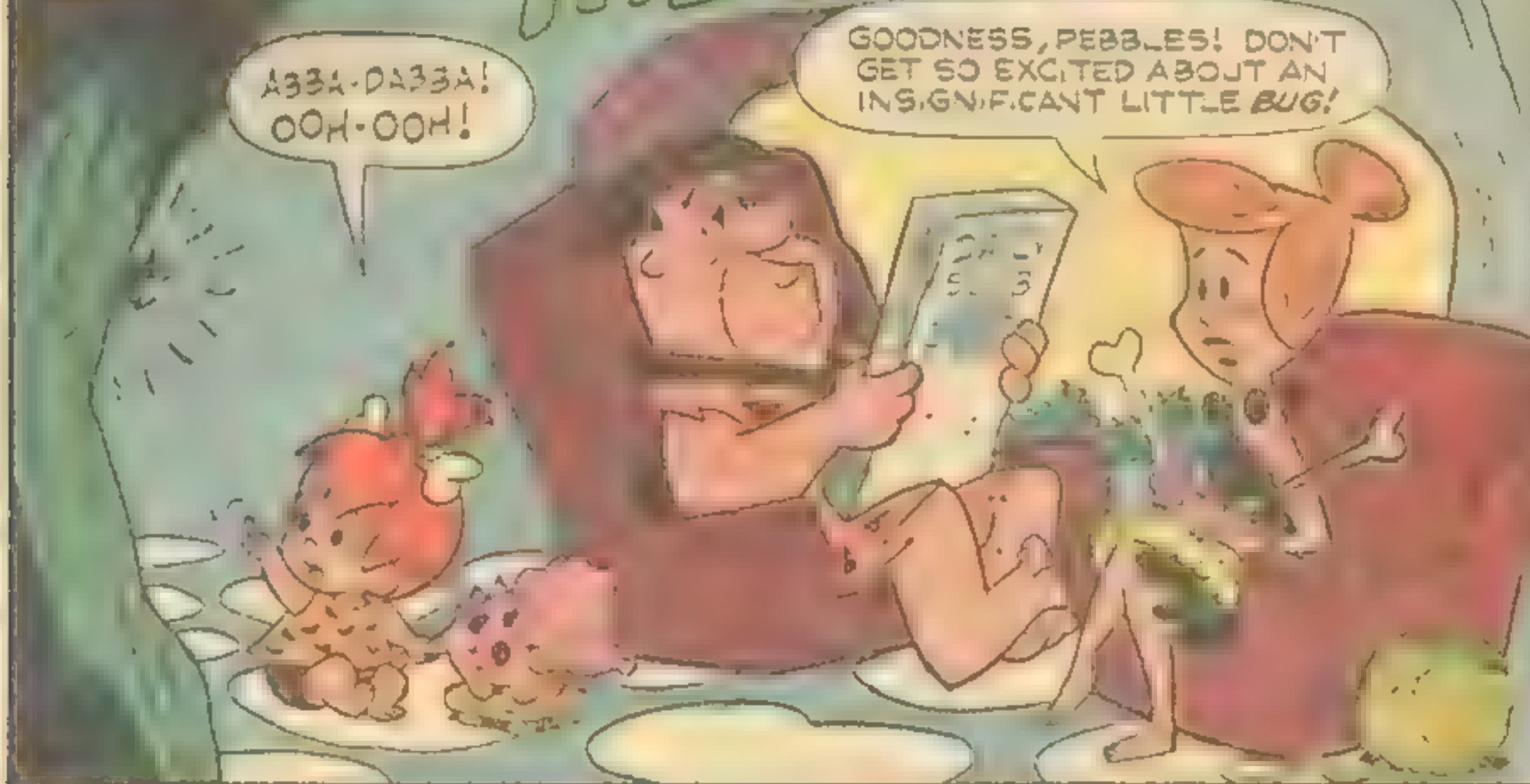
THE WINDOW
SCREENS ARE
ALL UP.

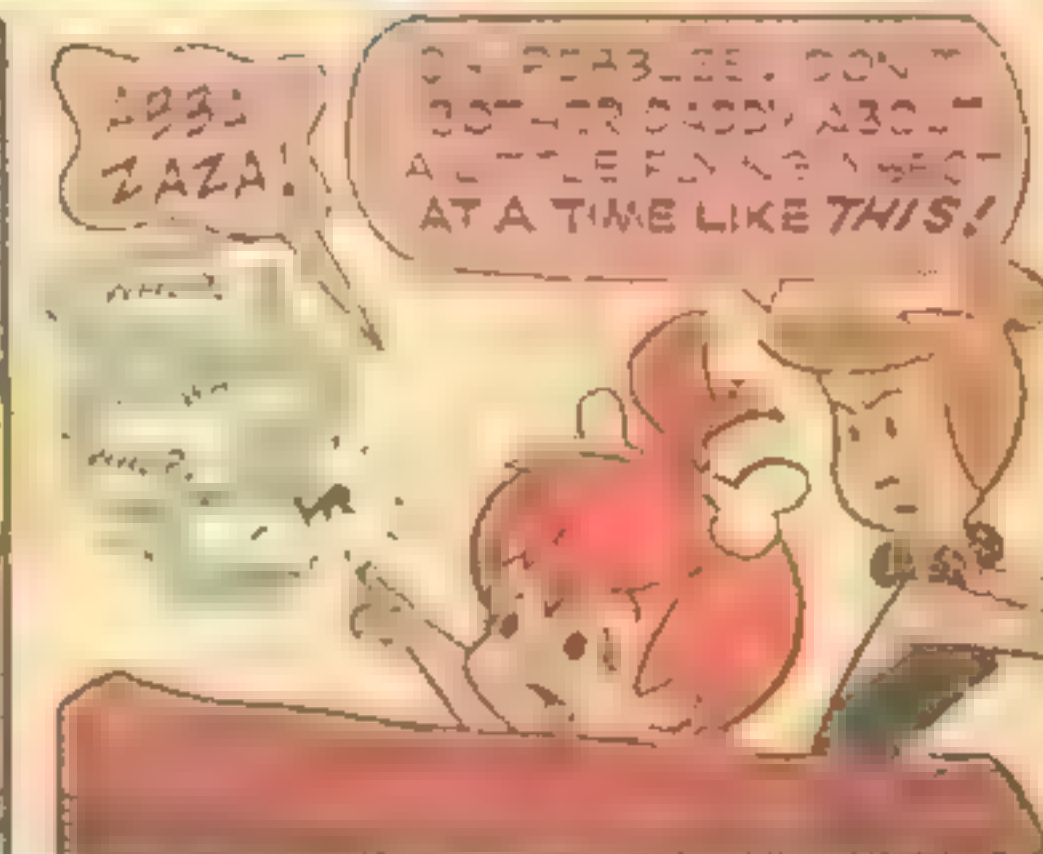
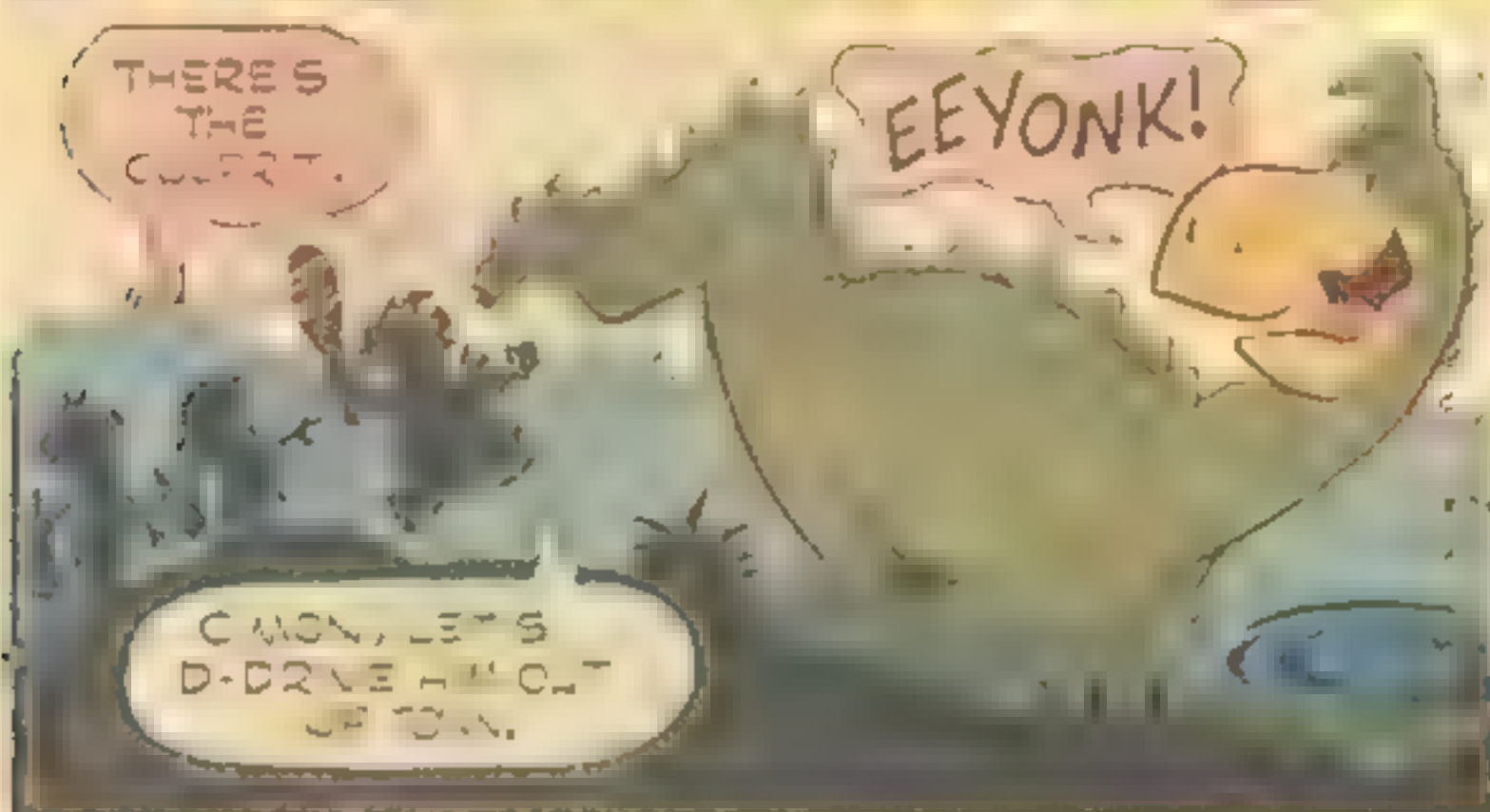


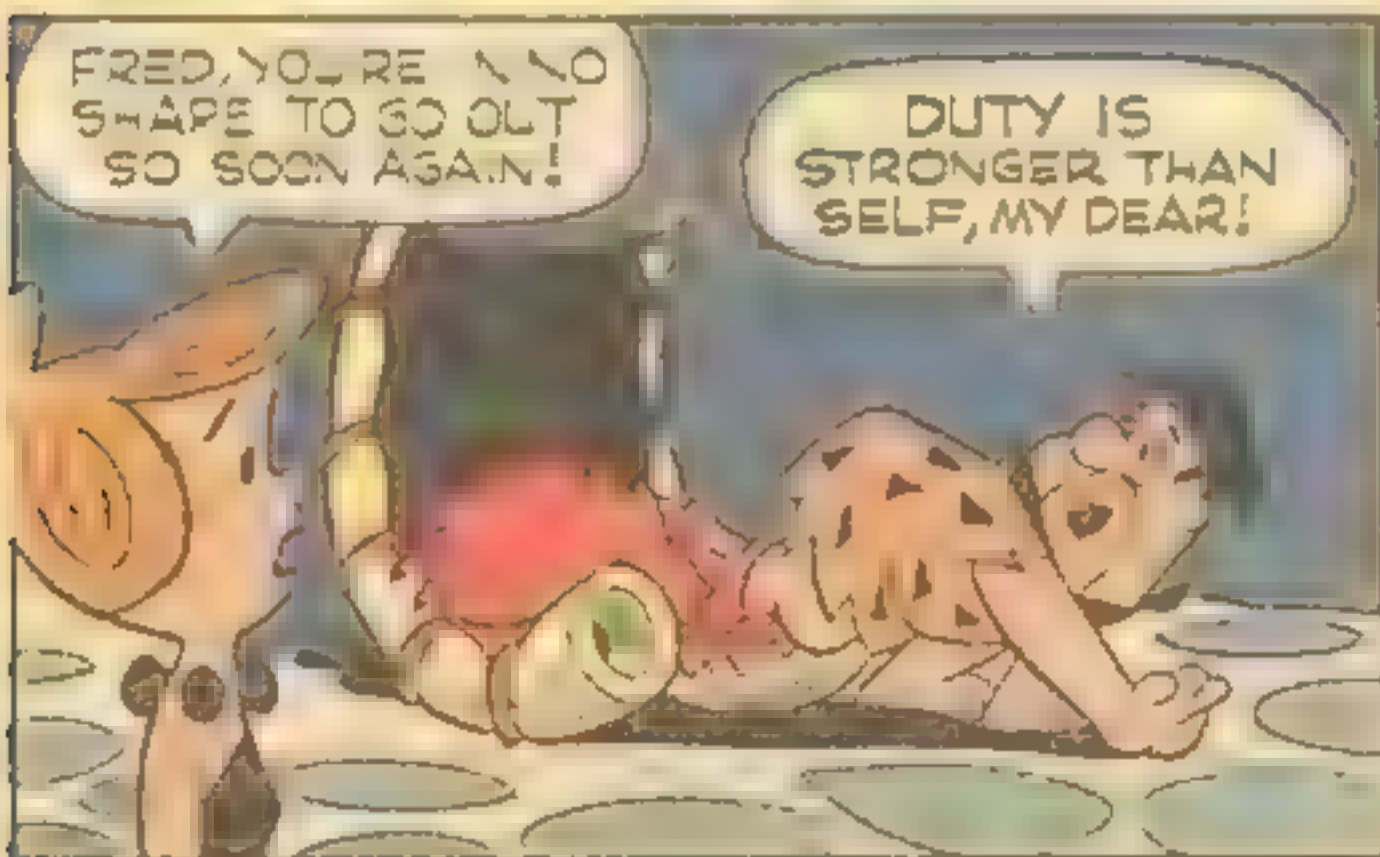
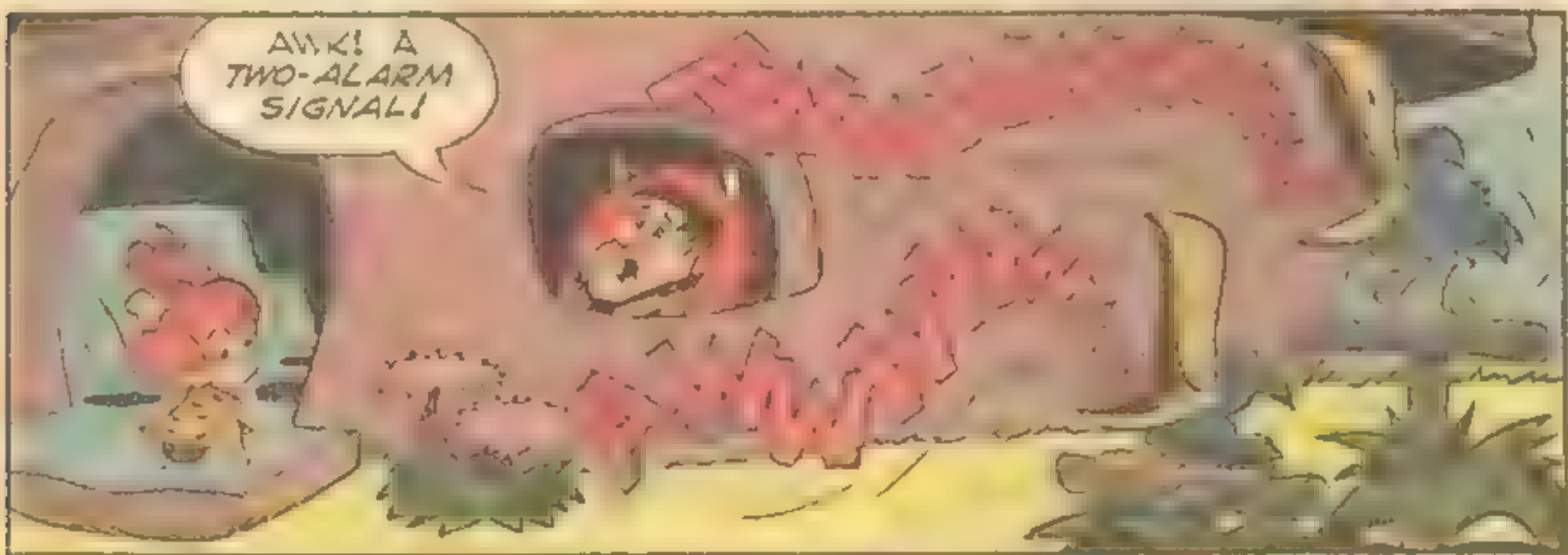
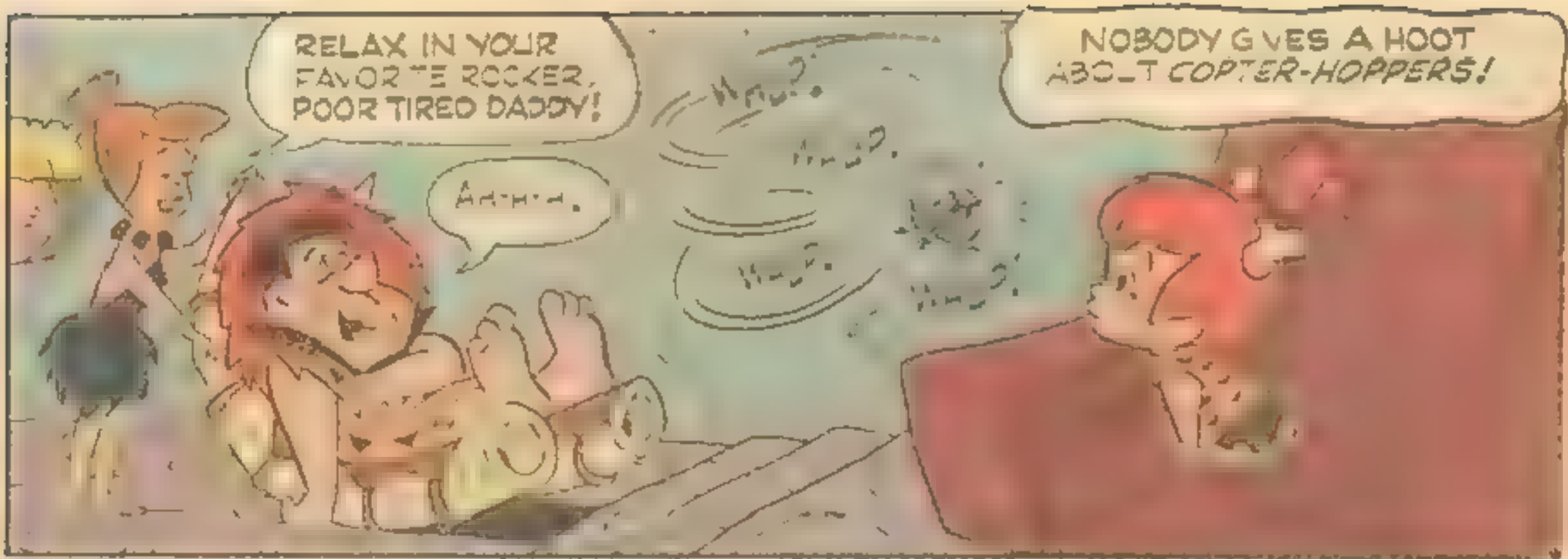


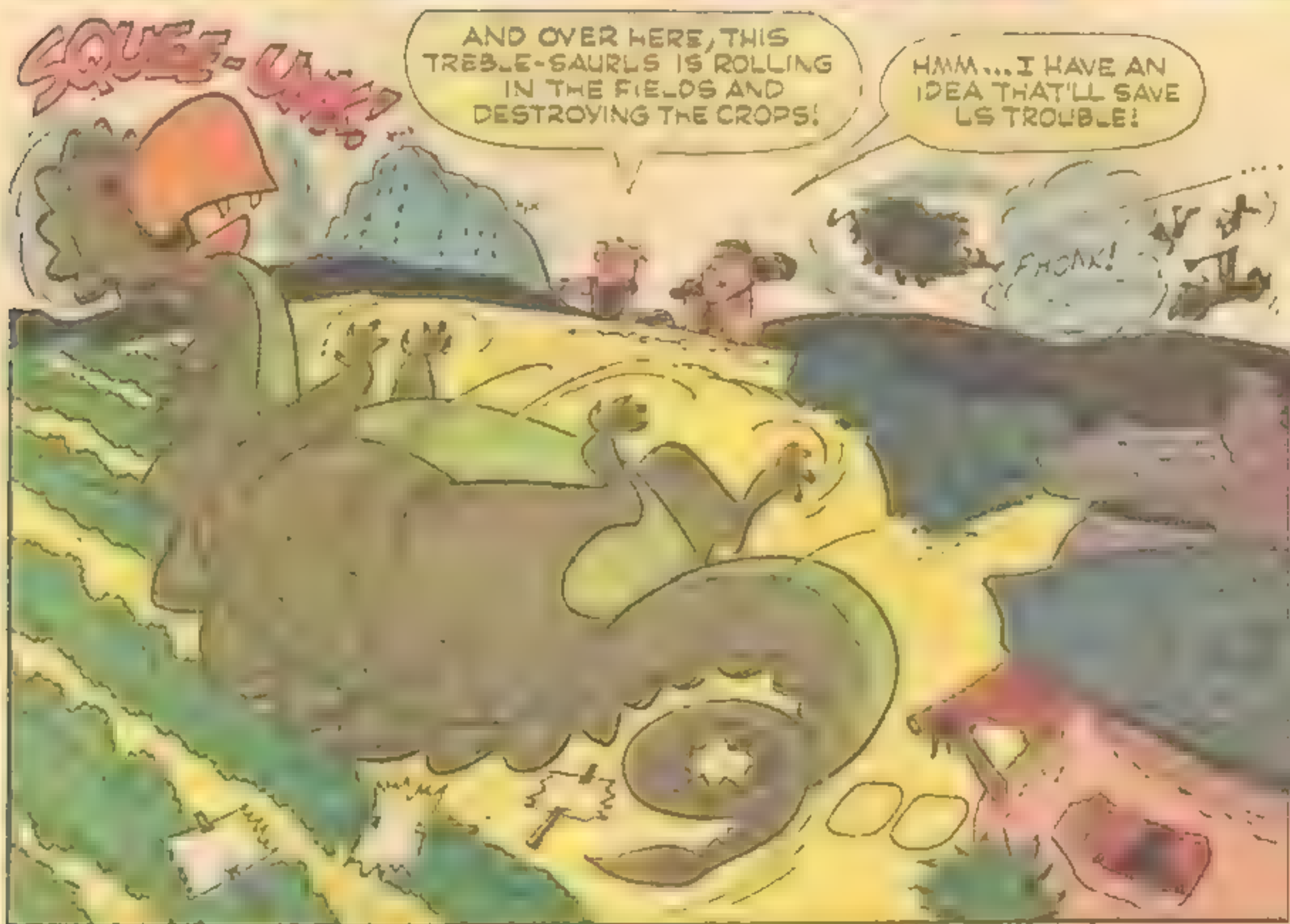
Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

GETTING THE BUGS OUT









MEANWHILE, THE BATTLE OF THE ITTY-BITTIES CONTINUES AT HOME...

ABBA-DABBA...
OOH-HOO!

I'M JUST GOING
TO ENCORE HER!

CHUCKLE, CHUCKLE...
SHE'S A GOOD ONE!

THERE'S A TIME FOR
CORRALING CRITTERS...

WHUP! WHUP!
WHUP!

THERE! NOT A CREATURE IS STIRRING
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE...

ZZZZ!

WHUP!
WHUP!

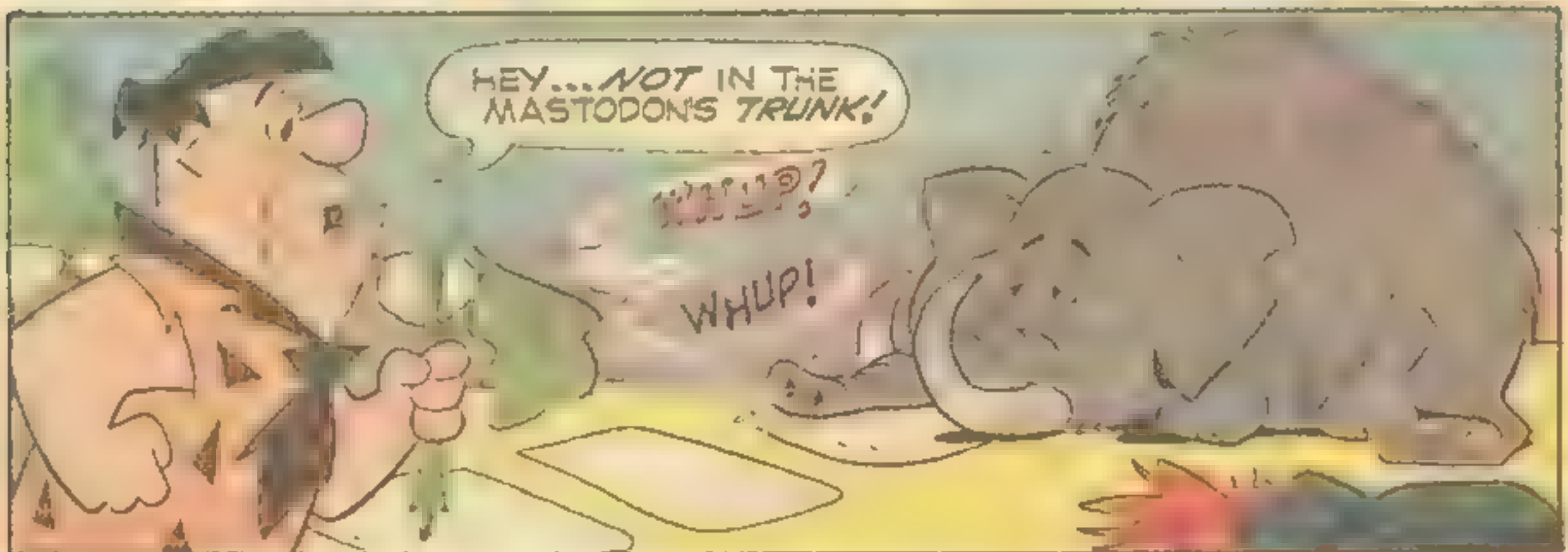
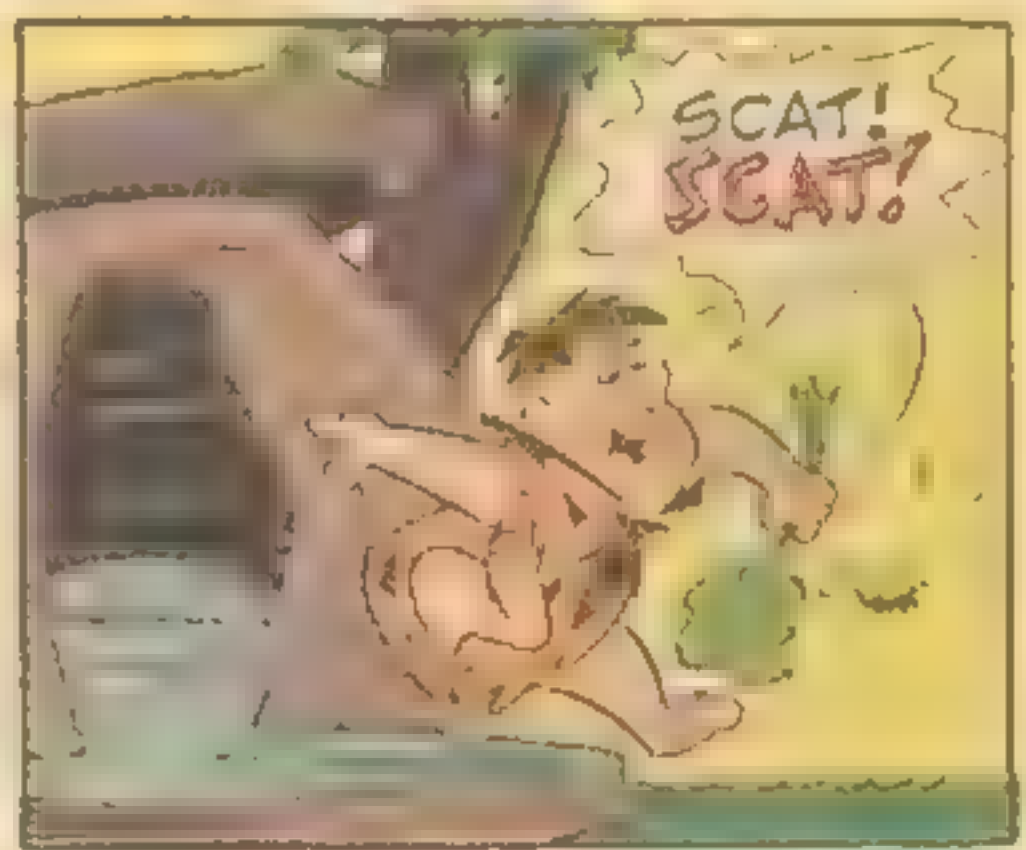
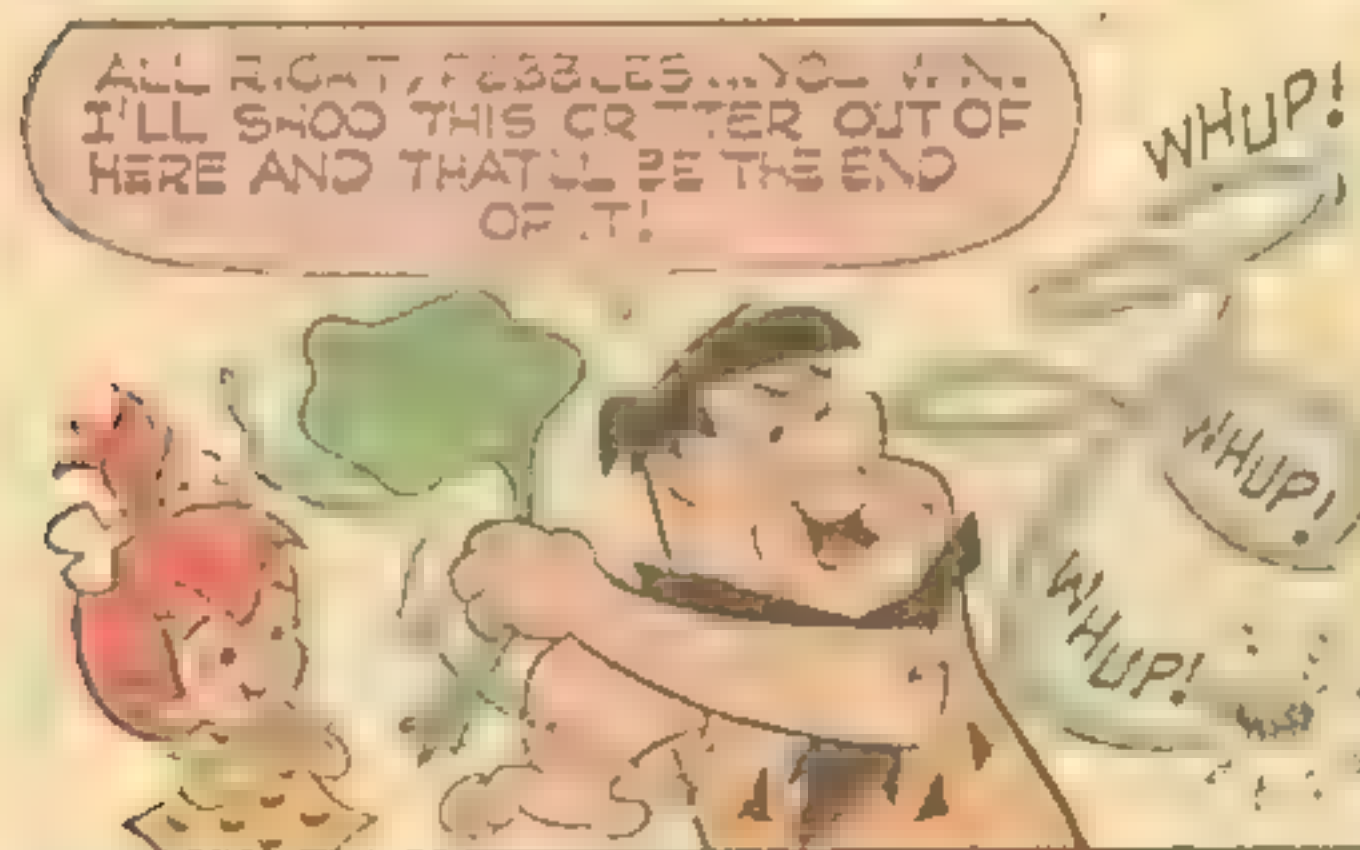
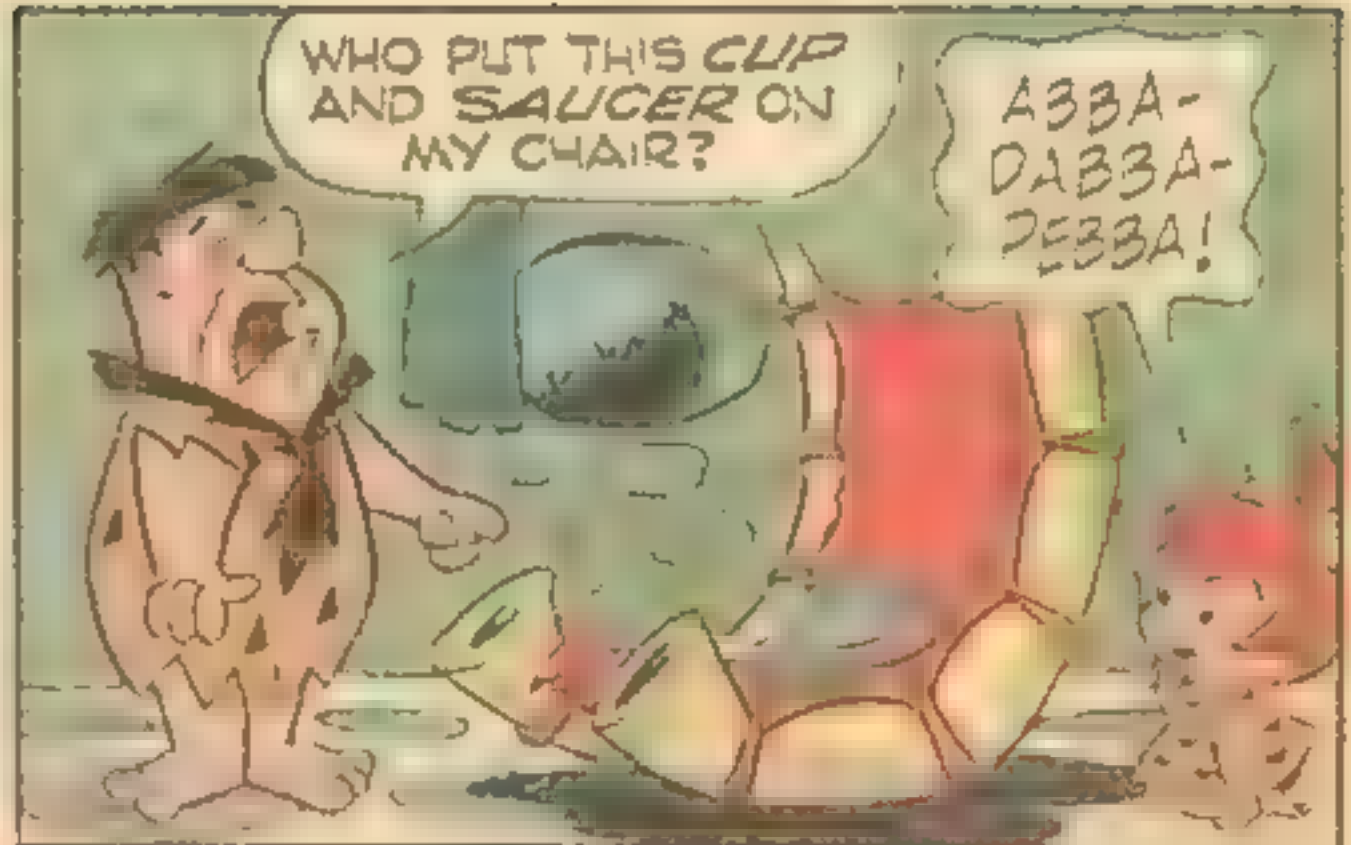
ZZZZ!

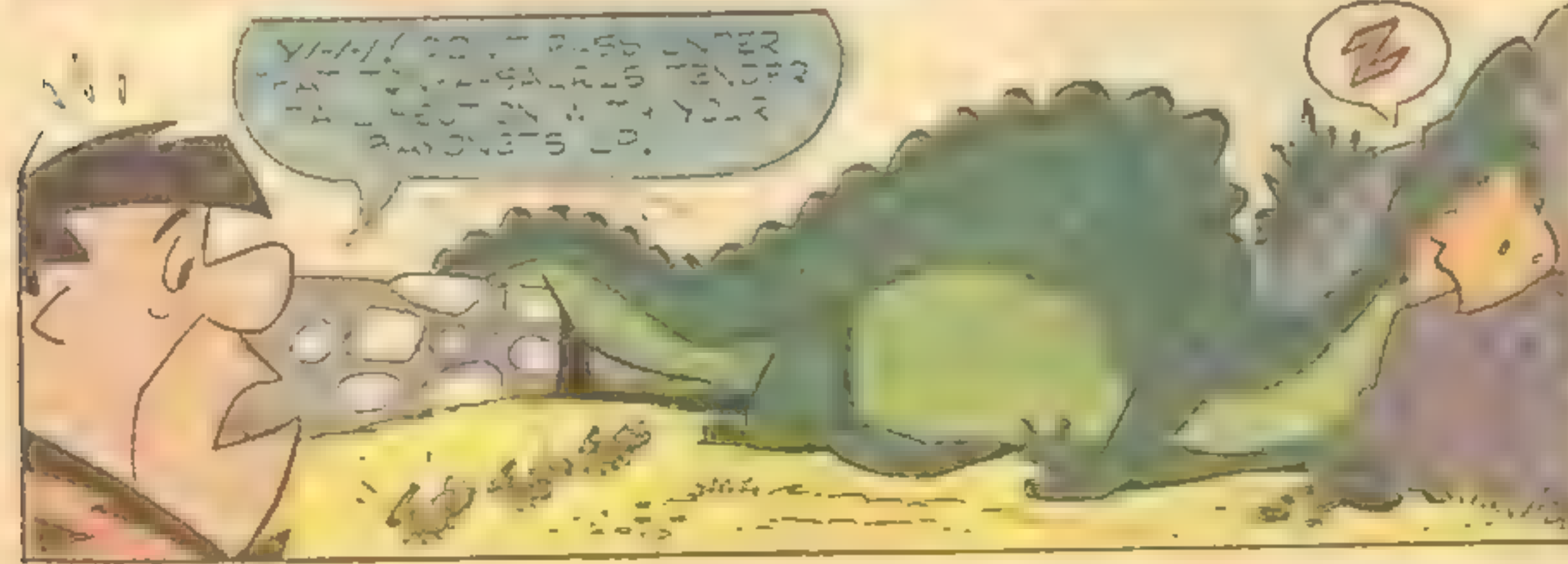
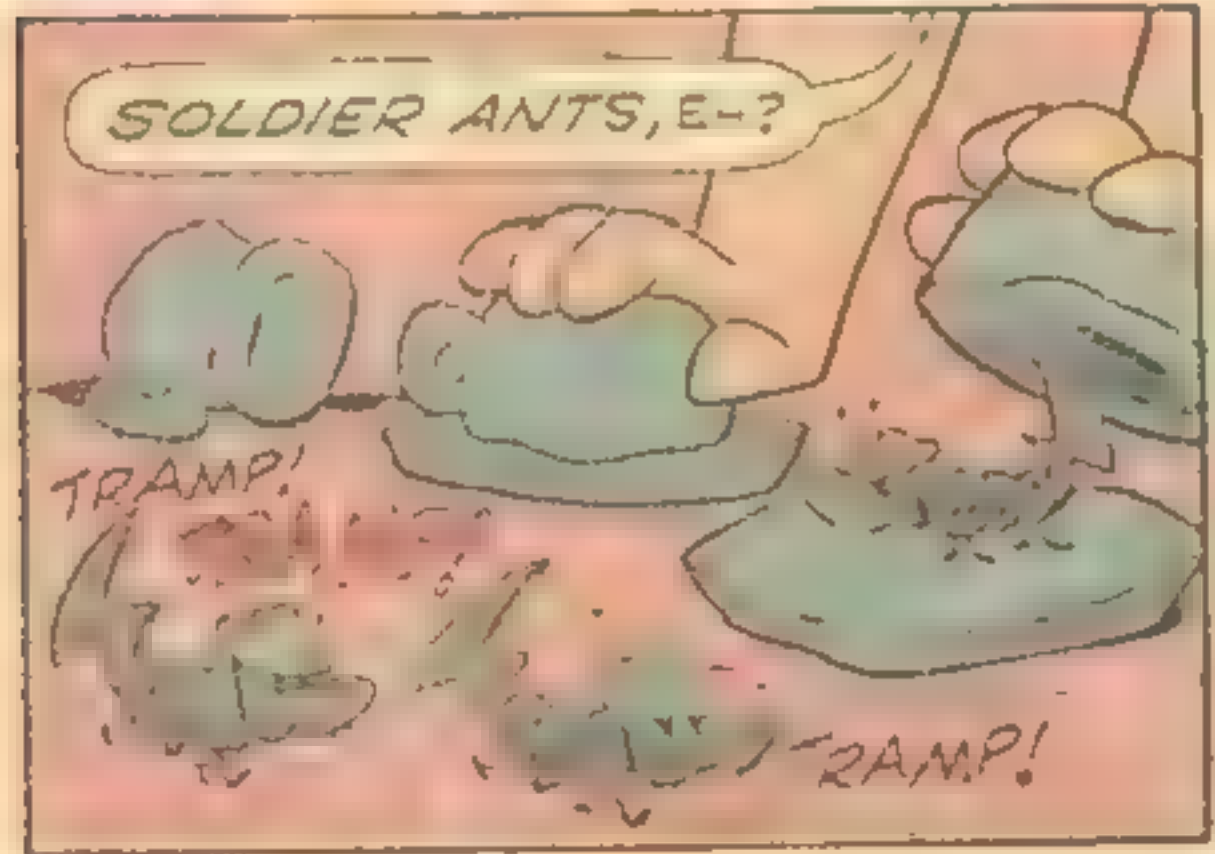
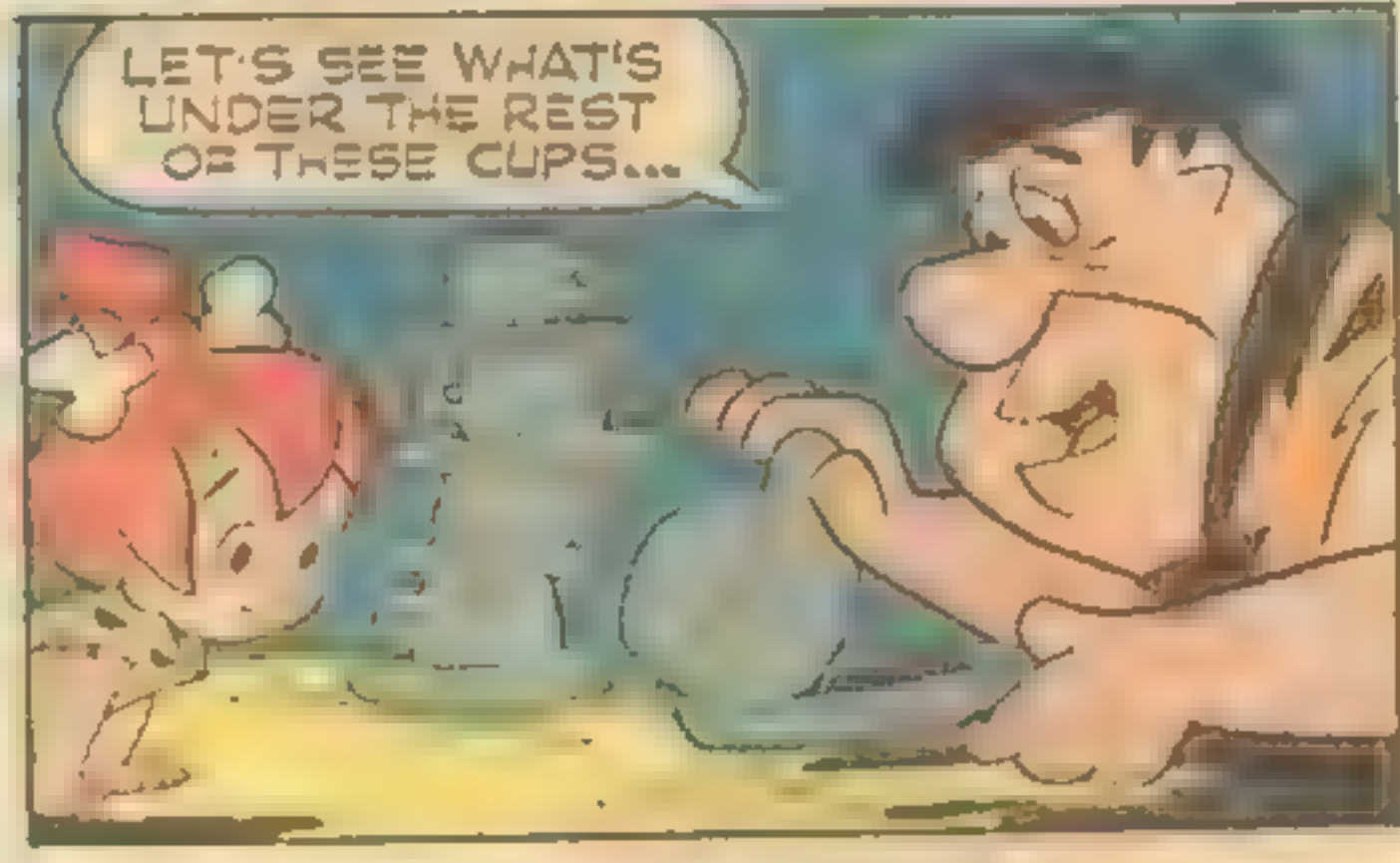
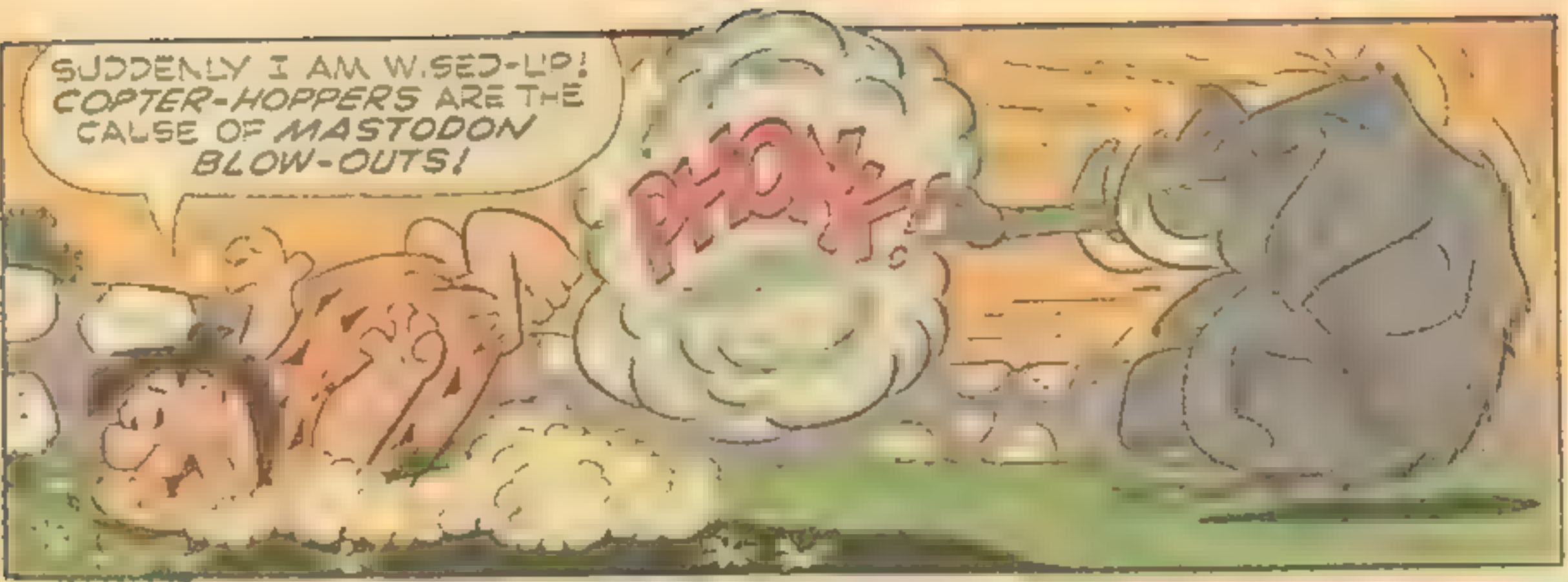
ZZZZ!
ZZZZ!

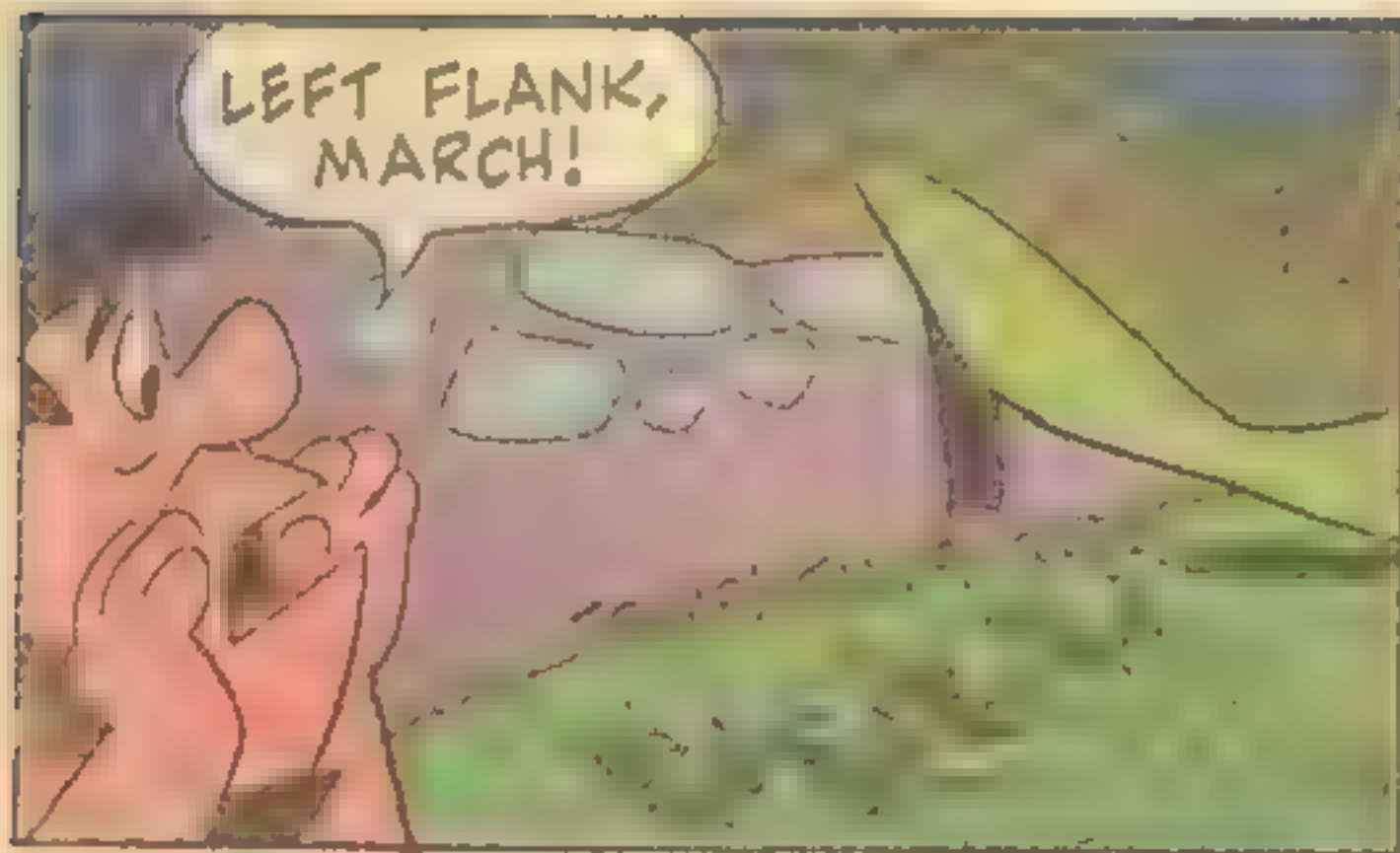
...THEY'RE ALL CLIPPED UP.

BOY, WHAT A TIME! BUT
WE FINALLY GOT THINGS
UNDER CONTROL!

WE FOR MY
ROCKER...



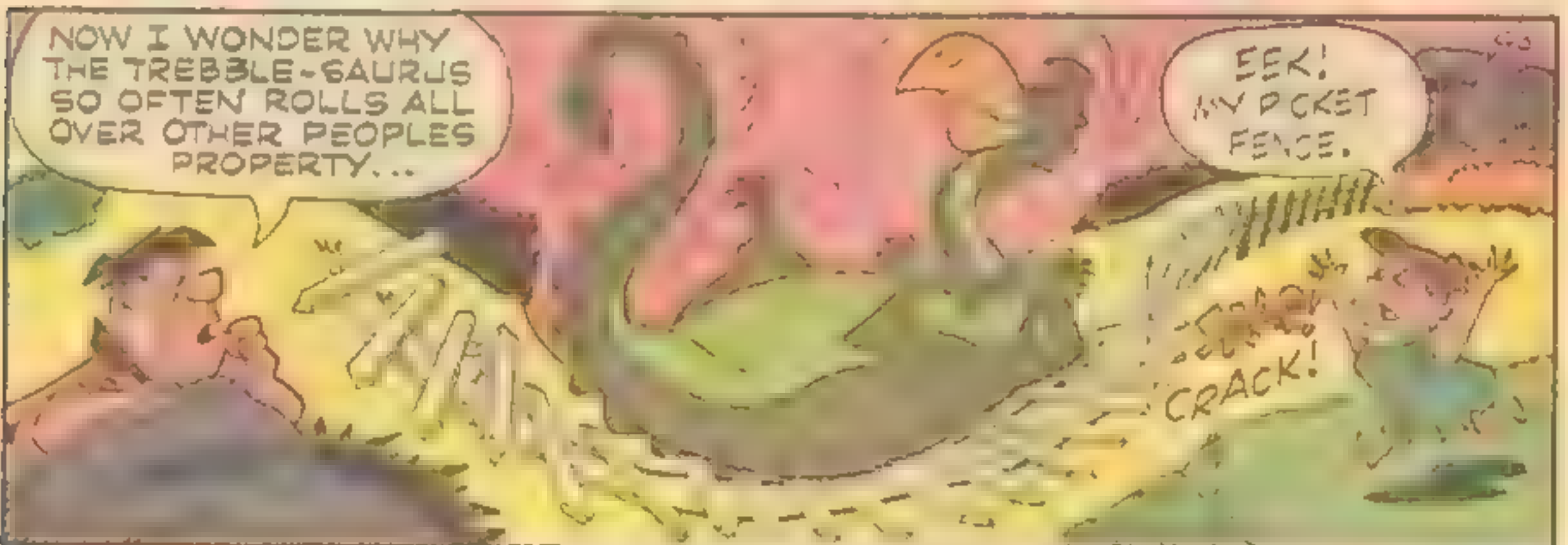




LEFT FLANK,
MARCH!



EYE ALERTED
ANOTHER TOX-A-SAURUS
BEHIND SOLDIER ANTS
SAFE THE OTHER.



NOW I WONDER WHY
THE TREBBLE-SAURUS
SO OFTEN ROLLS ALL
OVER OTHER PEOPLES
PROPERTY...

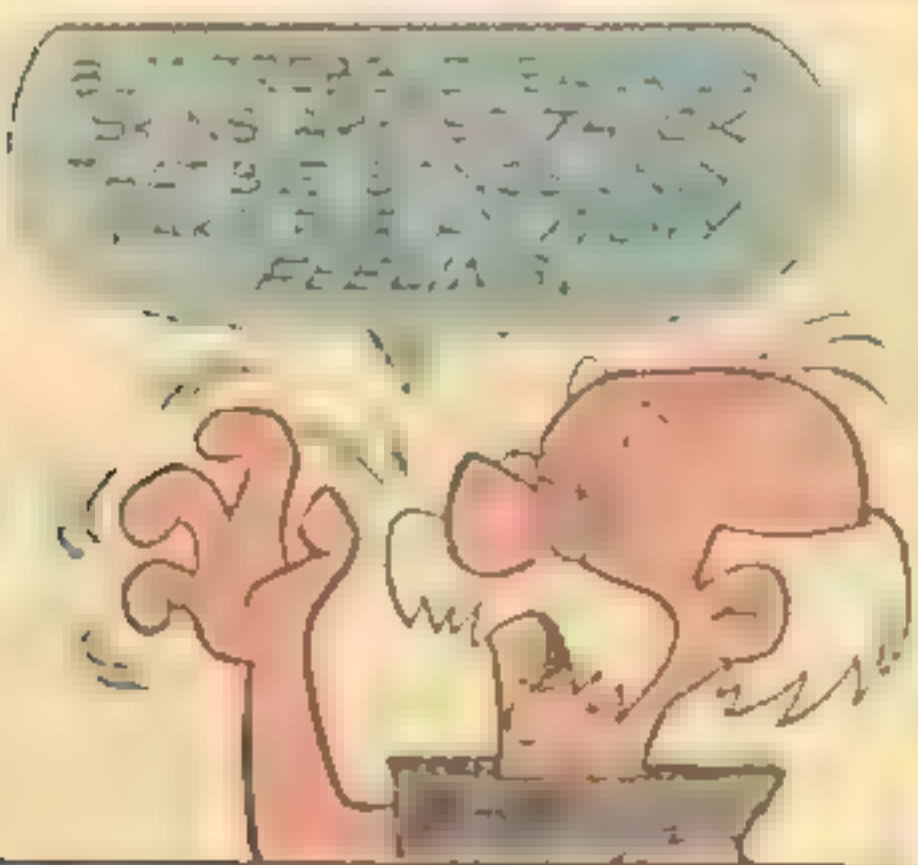
EK!
MY POCKET
FENCE.

CRACK!

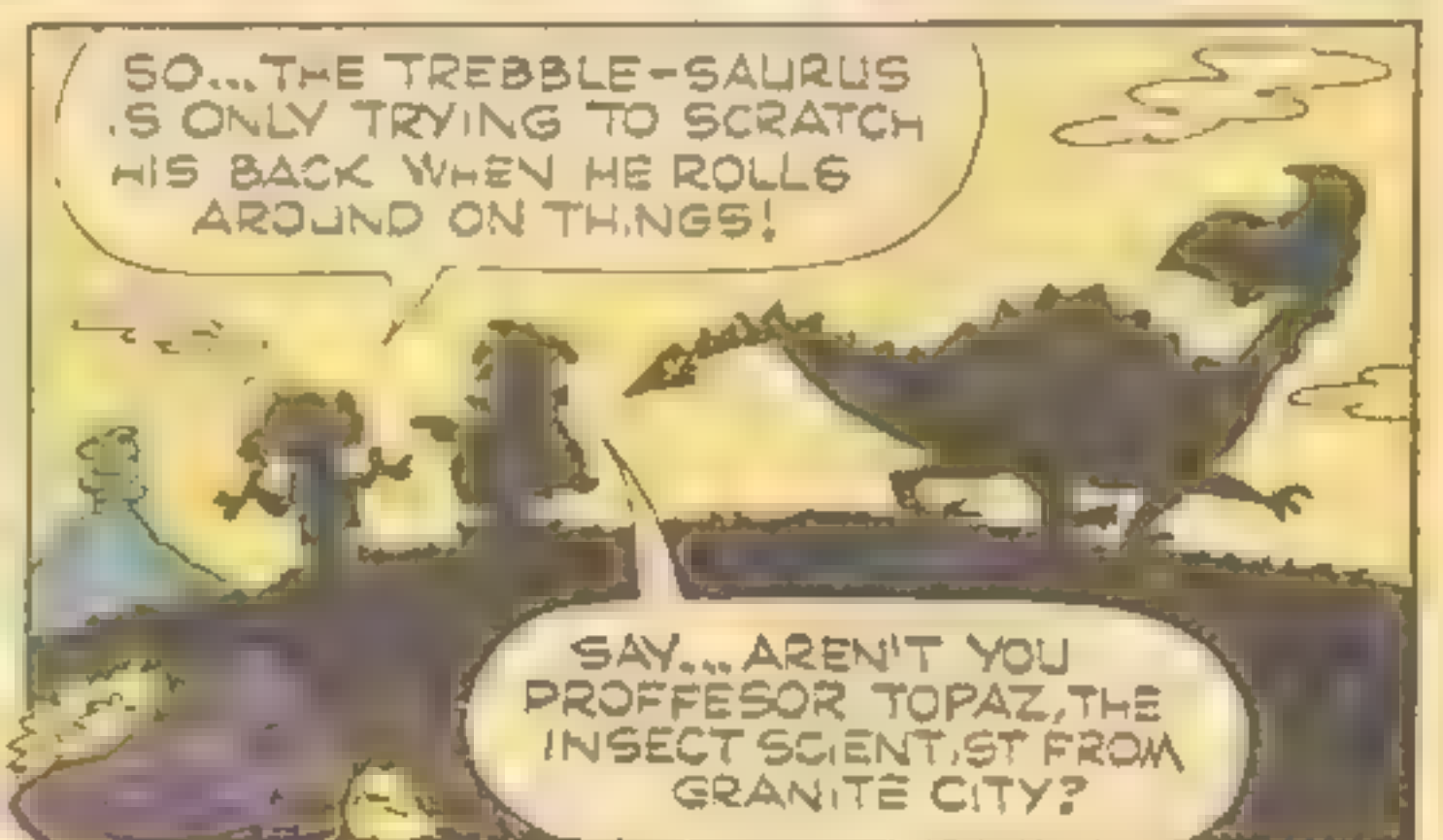


A-A, A-A;
WHAT'S THIS?

WHY, A GRUMBLE BEE
WAS STINGING THE
TREBBLE-SAURUS
ON THE BACK!



BUT THE TREBBLE-SAURUS
SKINS ARE SO THICK
THAT'S WHY HE CAN'T
FEEL IT.

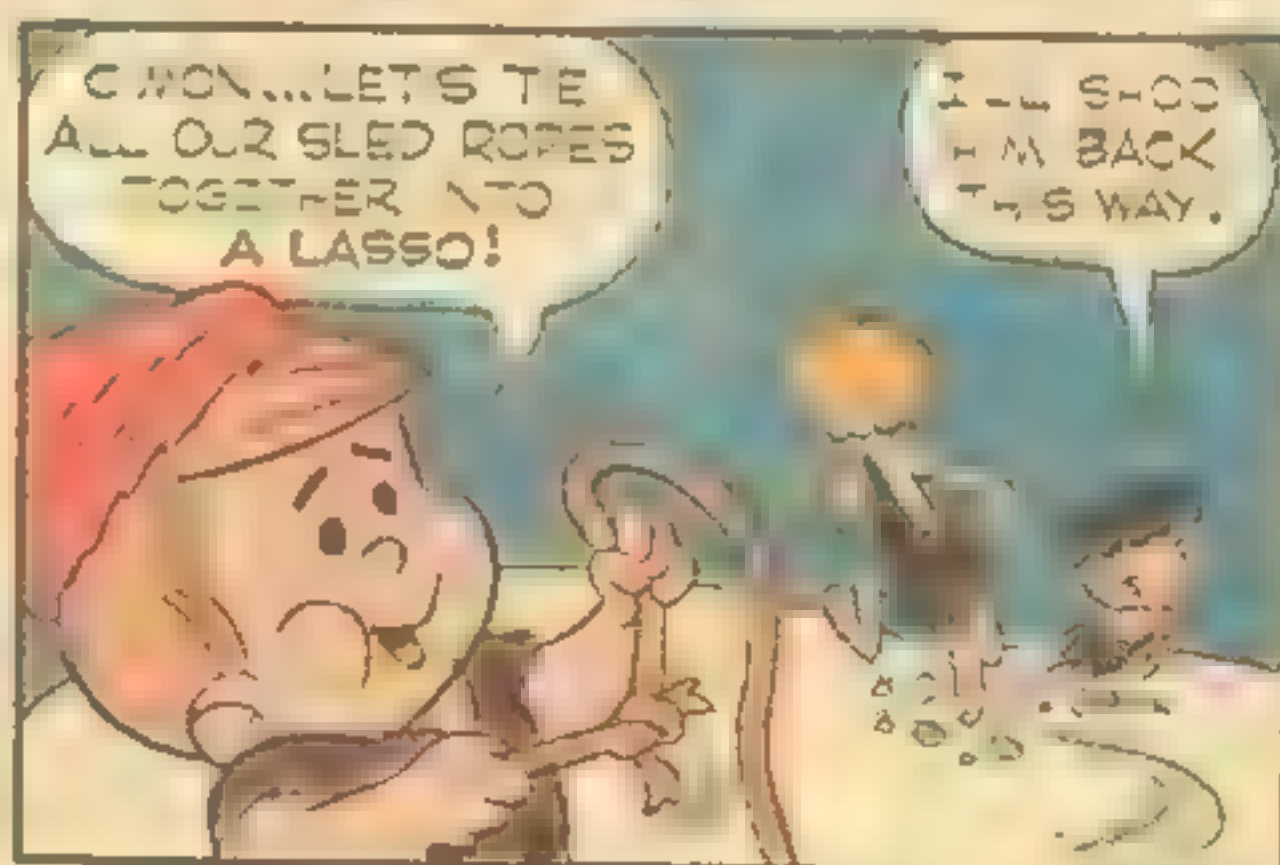
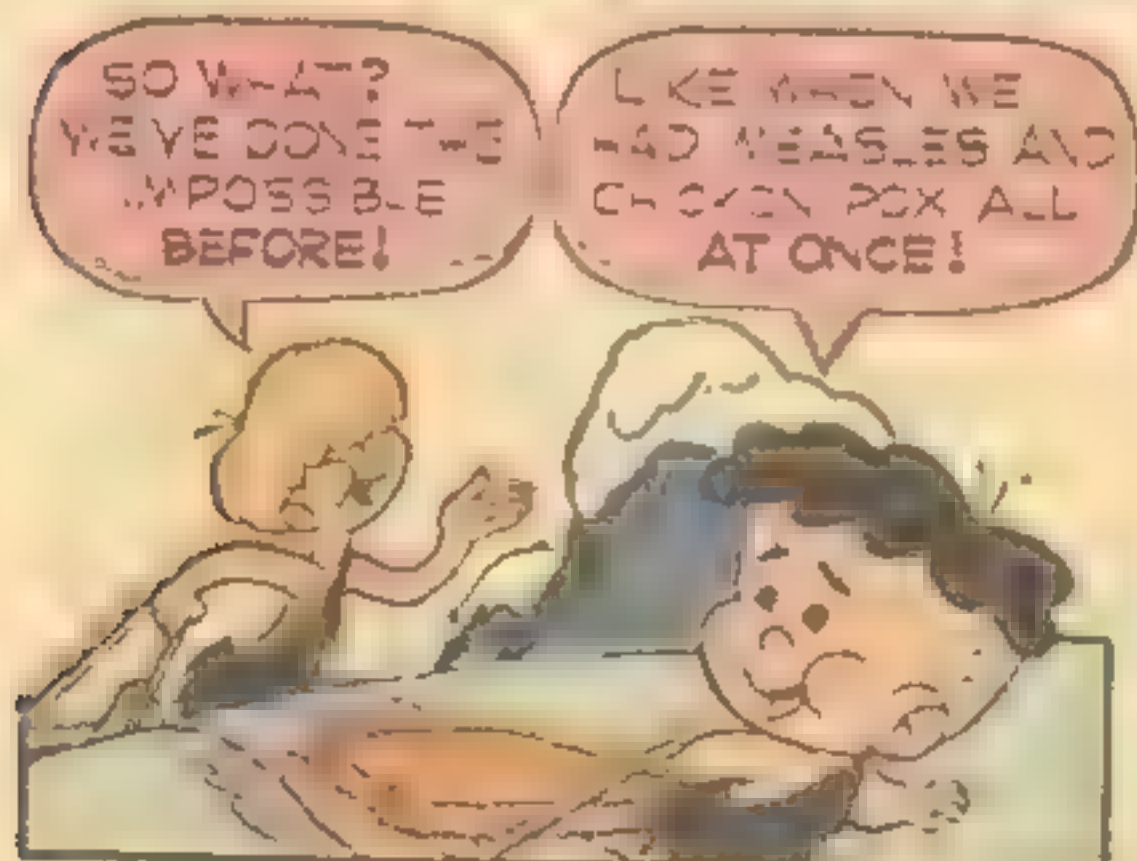
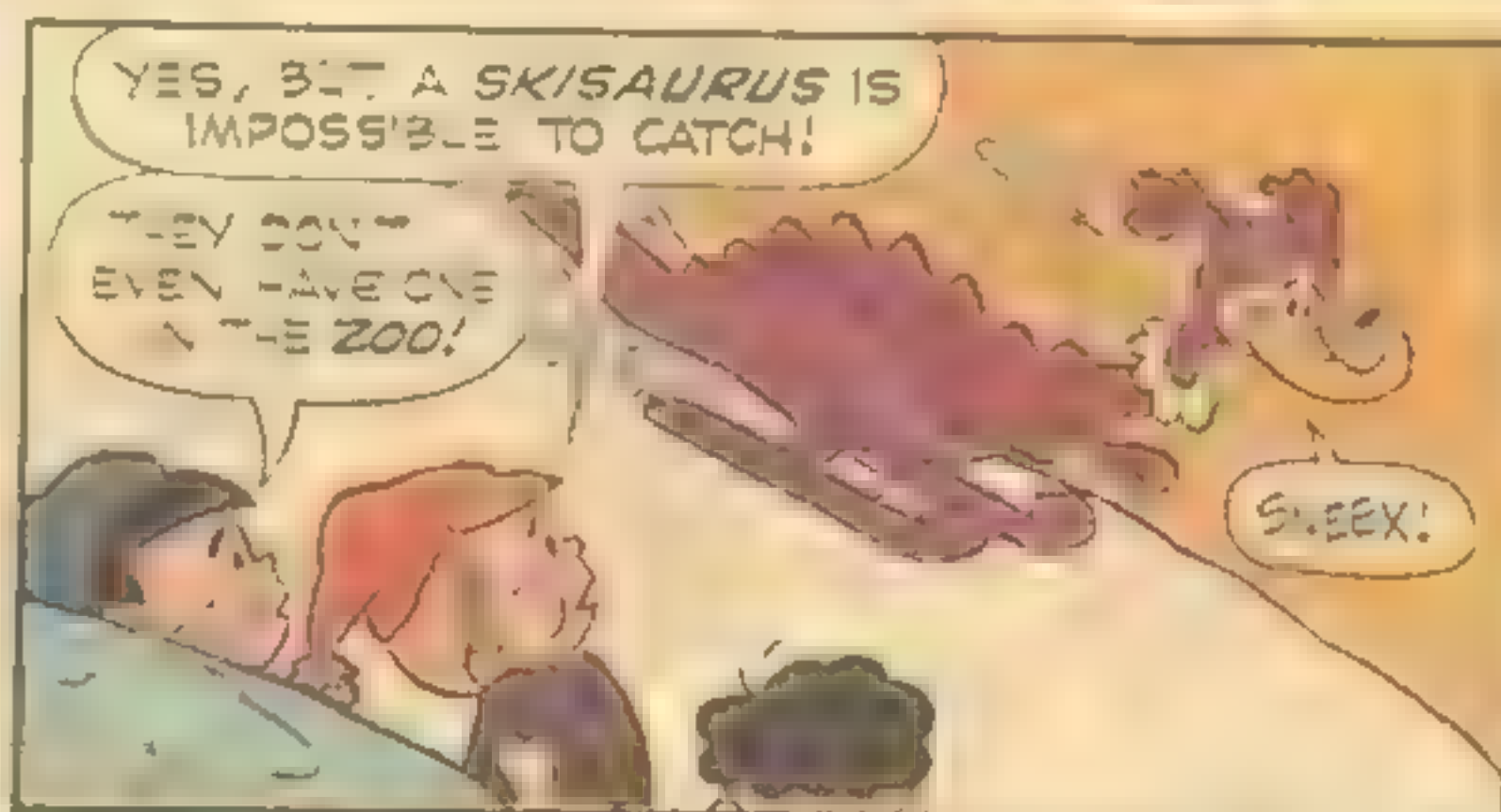
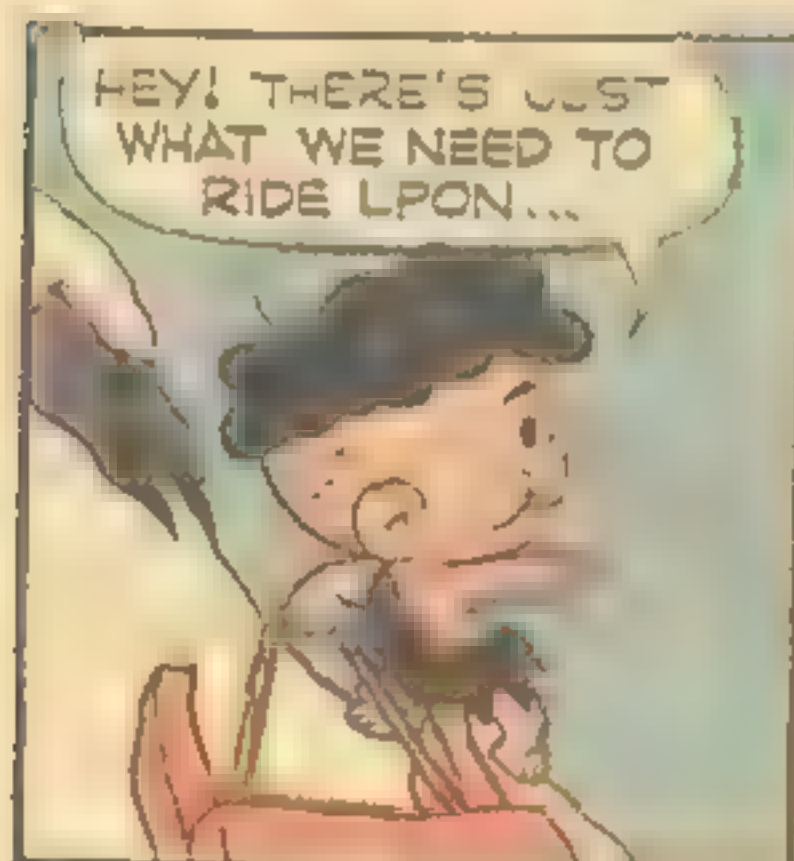
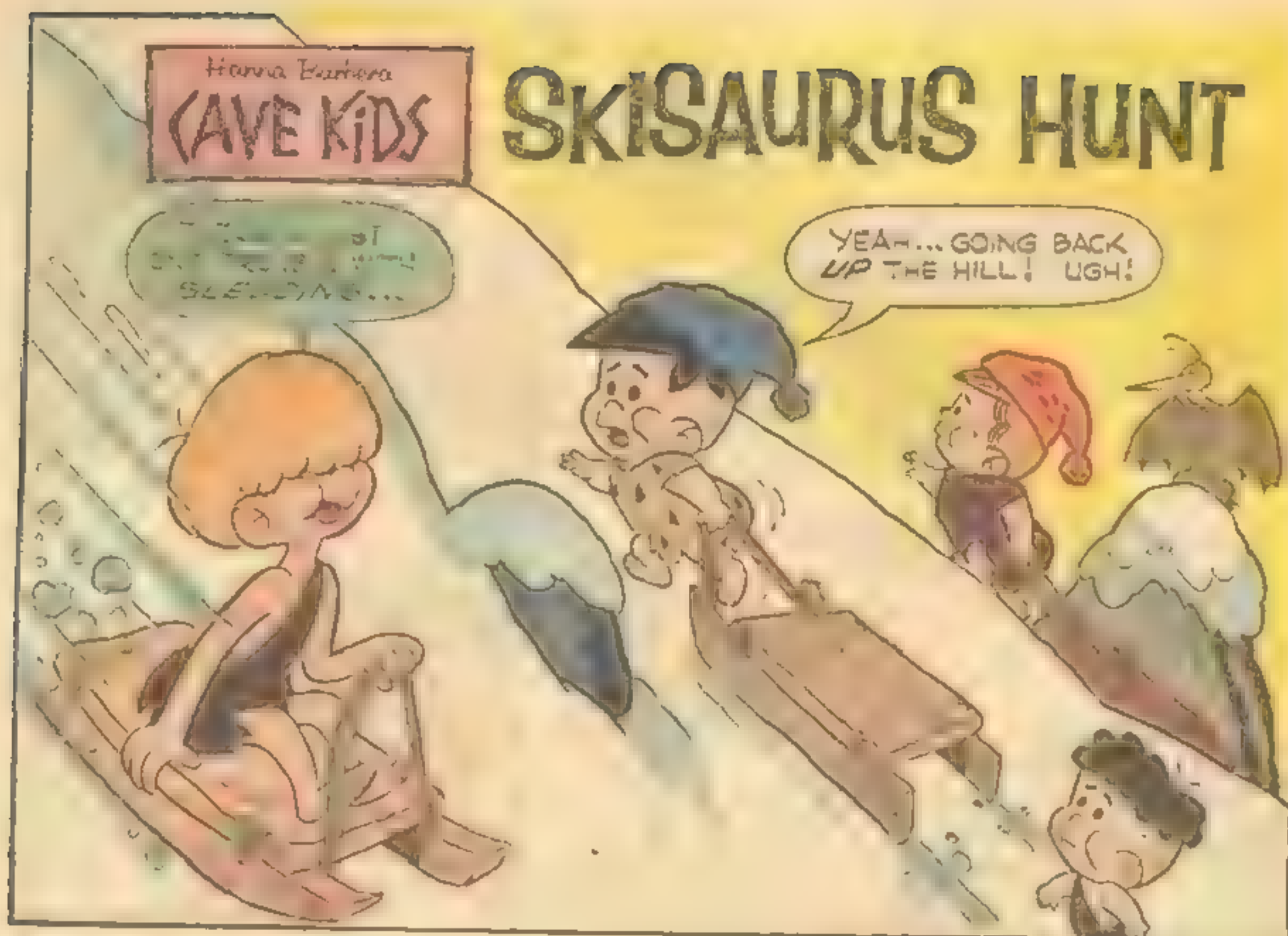


SO...THE TREBBLE-SAURUS
IS ONLY TRYING TO SCRATCH
HIS BACK WHEN HE ROLLS
AROUND ON THINGS!

SAY...AREN'T YOU
PROFFESOR TOPAZ, THE
INSECT SCIENTIST FROM
GRANITE CITY?

Hanna Barbera
CAVE KIDS

SKISAURUS HUNT









So...
YAY! NO MORE ROUGH
GLEDDING FOR US!

BUT THE
SKISAURUS
STILL THROWS
SNOWBALLS!



THAT DOESN'T BOTHER
US WHEN WE'RE
RIDING HIM!

OH, NO?!...



IT MIGHT HAVE AN EFFECT ON US WHEN HE'S PEGGIN'
AT THE PRINCIPAL OF OUR SCHOOL!

SNEEX!



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

BRUSHES?
FOOT POWDER?
FLY SWATTERS?

NO-
NO-
NO!



FURNITURE
POLISH?
BUG SPRAY?
COMBS?

NO-
NO-
NO!



POTS? PANS?
POTHOLDERS?

NO!



(WHEW!) THE PEDDLERS
IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
ARE DRIVING ME BATTY!



THAT'S FUNNY,
THEY NEVER
BOTHER ME!

